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BY ROBERT FRANZ

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ROBERT FRANZ

EDITED BY

WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP

FOR HIGH VOICE

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PREFACE

In preparing for this Album the introductory Monograph on Robert Franz, I have relied for facts upon his own letter to Franz Liszt (dated September 29, 1855) and Procházka's Biography. What I have allowed myself to say in the way of criticism is based more upon my own study of his works than upon the writings of earlier commentators. In compiling the here appended bibliography, I have had in view only Franz the song-composer, not the Franz who completed scores by Bach, Handel, and other old masters.

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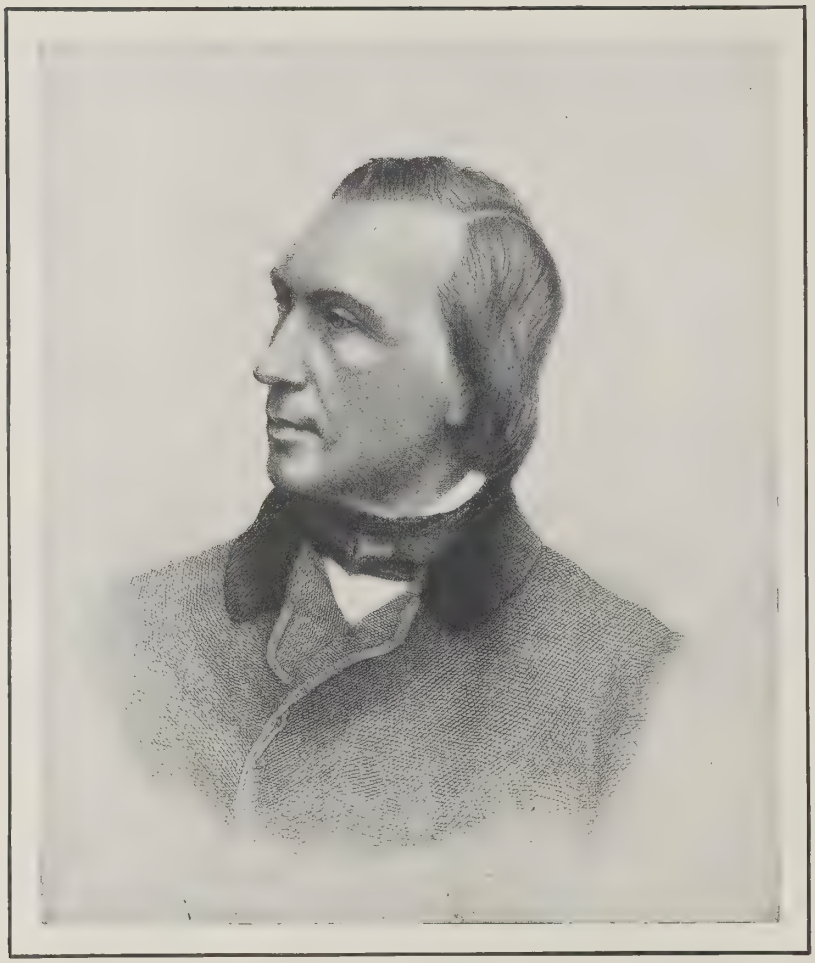
W. F. A.

Hingham, Mass., October 16, 1902.



Rob. Franz.

ROBERT FRANZ

ROBERT FRANZ was born at Halle-on-the-Saale, Handel's birthplace, on June 28, 1815. The family surname was Knauth; but his father, Christoph Knauth, changed it to Franz for business reasons.[1] At what time this change was made is not now discoverable; but it probably antedated Robert's birth, for the latter once wrote to Otto Lessmann that he himself had never been known otherwise than as Robert Franz.

His fondness for music developed early. According to his own account, his first musical impression was hearing Luther's *Ein' feste Burg* played on four trombones from the church tower of his native town at the third centennial commemoration of the Reformation. His father, too, would now and then sing to him and the other children at home "all sorts of strange tunes, half in the choral, half in the arioso vein," decking out the simple church melodies, *more antiquo*, with many a vocal flourish. Regular church-going (his father was one of the pillars of the congregational singing) tended also to familiarize him with the Lutheran chorals.

Still his childhood and boyhood were passed amid surroundings mostly of the uncongenial sort; he found little sympathy with his musical bent. The atmosphere of his bringing-up was one of small-town tradition and bourgeois prejudice; his parents, like most of their kind, looked upon the fine arts with distrust, at best as elegant accomplishments for which people in their station of life could have but little time. There was, too, a deeply rooted prejudice against ambitious youngsters straying out of old family ruts; to be sure, there was nothing absolutely shocking in a young man's quitting the paternal shop or workbench for the civil service or one of the so-called "learned" professions; such a rise in the world could well excuse the irregularity. "But a trained professional musician had never gone forth from their old primeval stock; that was, once for all, contrary to proper pride and tradition."[2] In a word, the good people of Halle were much inclined to agree with the mother of another musician of genius, Hector Berlioz by name, in prizing "respectability before all else."

To help him hold his own amid these discouraging surroundings, young Franz had neither the subjugating flash of child-wonderdom in himself nor the romantic spur of tyrannical opposition from without. His direst intimate foes were the commonplace, and that home-anointed dulness with which gods themselves are said to fight in vain. The only sympathy he got was from his mother; and this seems to have been merely maternal rather than specifically artistic. But, when he was fourteen, his "unforgettable" mother did persuade his father to buy him an old *pantalon* (a sort of spinet), on which he forthwith began to try conclusions with the art of music on his own account. As he showed boundless good-will, and even some native ability, in this way, a teacher—naturally the "cheapest available"—was soon engaged for him. And now began a process of the pupil's outstripping teachers; in four years'

[1] *There had long been a quarrel between Christoph and an apparently over-tetchy brother of his: both were in the same business, each on his own account, and troubles arising from misdelivered letters proved too much for the brother's equanimity. So Christoph at last put an end to the difficulty by taking a new surname, and fraternal amity was restored. He did not, however, take any pains to legitimate his name of Franz until legally compelled to do so for Robert's marriage in* 1848.
The matter was a source of some vexation to the son; for, after he had come before the world as a song-composer, captious critics had their fling at him for his supposed arrogance in adopting a "pseudonym" compounded of the Christian names of his two greatest predecessors in that field: Robert *Schumann and* Franz *Schubert.* Sunt lachrymae rerum!

[2] *How about one George Frideric Handel, by the way?*

time he had used up every music-master in Halle. At the Waisenhaus-Gymnasium, where he went to school, he would get many a sound box on the ear for improvising "free seconds" to the chorals sung at music lessons, but was soon promoted to a recently formed advanced class in chorus singing, where he first made acquaintance with choruses by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. He had already taken up organ-playing by himself, and with such success that it was not long before he was running from one church to another on Sundays, to "relieve the several organists on separate stanzas of chorals." With all this output of musical energy, his regular school studies were more and more neglected, and the home opposition to his bent threatened to reach an acute stage. Still it was rather of the pooh-poohing, sarcastic-incredulous sort than openly violent; his parents had not yet begun to fear the worst, there was no talk of his taking up music as a profession.

But this "worst" was at hand: matters were brought to a crisis by the nefarious and unheard-of example of two of his schoolmates, who got their parents to let them quit the Gymnasium and go to Friedrich Schneider's famous music school in Dessau. Here was a *pou sto* for young Franz! Aided and abetted by one Dr. Erich, preacher at the Ulrichskirche, he worked the lever of persuasion so effectively that his father at last consented to his following his two friends' example. He was now twenty.

His hard-earned freedom proved, however, to be one of the bitterest disappointments of his life. From Halle to Dessau was almost out of the frying-pan into the fire. Fancy a young music student of original genius, at a time when the musical atmosphere of Germany was beginning to absorb the neo-romanticism of Mendelssohn and Schumann, when receptive souls were learning to vibrate responsively to the seductions of Chopin—fancy, I say, this young student tied down to the Procrustes bed of a dry course of conventional contrapuntal schooling in which the influences of even Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert were virtually ignored! To Franz the good Schneider and his teaching seemed the cruelest of anachronisms and follies; he tacitly, if not quite openly, refused to be clay in his hands. He soon joined a few kindred souls in shirking counterpoint and making experiments in free composition by themselves. Schneider could never be brought to look upon him with favor; and, after four years spent in such semi-rebellious fashion, Franz left the school to return to his father's house in Halle, bringing home with him a fair grounding in the technics of composition, and (what was not quite so salutary) a deal of the traditional young graduate's self-complacency and self-sufficiency.

He was now to face the world as a professional musician, in a small German town the bourgeois temper of which we know. His equipment was conspicuously far from adequate. To begin with, his pianoforte and organ playing had been wholly neglected during those four Dessau years; so two paths to making a living were, for the time at least, closed to him. Then, he was constitutionally shy and retiring, seems to have had an unpleasant consciousness of his tall, gaunt, awkward figure, his manner was unprepossessing and offish; he had no social tact, and, though by no means unsociable by nature, "usually thawed out only when it was too late." Furthermore, his falling in with some compositions by Bach and Schubert, and being attracted to study the same, soon tuned down the taut E-string of that fine self-sufficiency which he had brought back from Dessau, and showed him that he was in no condition to come before the public as a composer. Parents and friends looked upon his career as clearly damned at the outset, and made no secret of their opinion.

Yet, dismal as his case seemed, efficient stimuli to the young man's self-development were not wanting. There were the works of Bach, Handel, and Schubert—never-failing sources of enthusiasm, the soundest basis for a specifically musical culture. Other influences, too, were inspiring: Arnold Ruge's and S. Echtermeyer's *Halleschen Jahrbücher für Kunst und Wissenschaft*, published in Halle itself, had become the most noteworthy

critical organ in Germany; Friedrich Hinrichs's lectures on political and religious freedom had begun to attract notice. A whole new intellectual movement was in the air, and Halle was practically its centre. The aim of Ruge's, Echtermeyer's, and Hinrichs's striving was to crystallize out the gist of the great religious, philosophic, and artistic awakening in Germany which had been the work of Luther and Melanchthon, Kant and Hegel, Goethe and Schiller, and give it a practical reflection in German life and politics. Franz was a devoted attendant at many students' meetings at which the principles of this movement were discussed; and, though he seems to have been too modest to take active part in the discussions, he was an ardent listener, and thought deeply over what he heard there. No less of an inspiration was his recently formed acquaintance with the poet Karl Osterwald, which soon ripened into a life friendship.

His mind was thoroughly awakened and rapidly maturing; for the next six years he studied hard, if only for the sake of self-culture, for he had given up all thought of composing. Bach and Schubert, especially the former, formed the basis of his studies; but he found his artistic receptivity gradually broadening and becoming more catholic,—as the true, predestined student of Bach ever must, finding in that master the portal through which all other great music is best approached,—and readily submitted himself to the new romantic Leipzig influence, which had by that time well reached Halle. He accordingly extended his studies to Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Henselt, absorbing what he could of each and all of these new lights. He even began to make an active propaganda for them in an ever-widening circle of young music-lovers, of which he soon found himself the centre. Much good music was gone through and critically discussed. The result was as might have been expected: constant communing with the master-works of his art did for him what his studies under Schneider had quite failed to do, it gradually revealed his own genius to himself and at last stimulated him to original creative work. Especially did his studies cure the unfortunate, benumbing impression Schneider's teaching had made upon him, by leading him to appreciate the higher side and truest function of musical technics,—the discovery and practical determining of an adequate form for the outward expression of inward thought and feeling. When he once more took to composing (though still with no thought of publication), he found himself irresistibly attracted to the lyric forms, and, within the bounds of these, to the *Lied* in particular.

It was only by the strenuous and persistent advice of friends that he at last made up his mind to publish anything. He sent a few songs to Schumann, who received them cordially and gave him a favorable introduction to a publisher. This was in 1843; here began his relations with the musical world at large, from this time forward he was a composer. To quote his own words: "From this moment my attitude toward art naturally entered upon a new stadium. There was no longer exclusively the question of satisfying myself with my compositions, but my artistic productiveness had to seek its measure and limits in the views and feelings of others. My personal acquaintance with the great men of the day, with Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, paved the way for self-examination and self-recognition. I began to think seriously about myself and my relation to art; the result of this thinking was the conscious holding fast by the direction in which I had struck out, the clear conviction that I could be of service to art and, what is the same thing, to the world only on this basis. As a further result of this self-examination, I promised myself to write only when I could not help it, when the exhortation from within coincided with the external power of realizing it."

In 1848 he married Maria Hinrichs, daughter of the philosopher who had exerted so deep an influence upon his intellectual growth in youth. By her he had three children, two sons and a daughter.

His recognition by the world was slow and exceedingly limited, confined at first almost exclusively to musicians; but among these were

to be counted some of the greatest names in contemporary music: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, von Bülow, and others. It is noteworthy, however, that the more enduring admirers of his genius among his distinguished fellow-craftsmen belonged chiefly to what was then known as the "Future" school—a school with the tenets and practice of which he personally had but limited sympathy. Mendelssohn and Schumann, who had taken him up enthusiastically in the beginning, soon dropped him like a hot coal when they saw that he was travelling his own road at his own gait, and could no longer be claimed as a disciple. And of the musicians who held with these, against the school of the "Future," it was for the most part only such as were bound to him by ties of warm personal friendship—Otto Dresel, Julius Schaeffer, A. Saran, and a few more like them—who remained his firm admirers to the end.

Indeed Franz's position in the world of music was peculiar; he was (and still is) generally accepted as a classicist, whereas he called himself "thoroughly a radical (*durchaus radikal*)." He really stood half-way between two schools: compared with contemporary Mendelssohnians and Schumannites, he was certainly radical enough; but, in comparison with men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, he was no less certainly a good deal of a classicist. One is tempted to call him essentially a radical at heart, but a classicist by conviction. In any case, he was too individual, too original to make his way rapidly with the public at large; neither did great singers take kindly to him at first—anent which more, farther on. Especially in his native town of Halle was he discouragingly ignored, though in time he obtained some official positions there—of organist, conductor of singing societies, and what not. But such positions had to be given up, one after another, on account of his rapidly increasing and finally total deafness.[1]

His worldly affairs were now in a precarious condition. He had never been very well off, and once wrote to a friend about his relations with publishers: "The first half of my books of songs [*Liederhefte*] were as good as given to them outright, and for the [arrangements of Bach] airs I hardly got enough to pay for the paper I had squandered over that study." Energetic friends had to step in and do their best for him, giving concerts and starting subscriptions: Liszt, Helene Magnus, and others in Germany; Otto Dresel, B. J. Lang, Sebastian B. Schlesinger, the firm of Oliver Ditson & Co. in our own Boston. In this way handsome sums were raised; he also received a tolerable annuity from the government, in recognition of his arrangements of Bach arias and cantatas.[2] For the latter part of his life he was not in actual want, though his health was of the poorest, and he had to give up all musical work several years before his death, on October 24, 1892.

Apart from arrangements of works by Bach, Handel, Astorga, Durante, and a few original pieces for chorus (part-songs and sacred choruses, *a cappella* and otherwise), Franz's legacy to the world consists of fifty-two opus-numbers of songs for a single voice with pianoforte accompaniment—two hundred and eighty-two songs in all. It is impossible to determine the chronology of most of these songs. In the earlier opus-numbers the dates speak approximately for themselves; but, as we get farther down the list, they become more and more doubtful. As a rule, he composed far more rapidly than he published; he would thus always have a considerable stock of unpublished songs to draw upon, and, as he wrote only one actual cyclus (the *Schilflieder*,

[1] *This deafness began early in his career. As he was about setting out for Leipzig, one day, a locomotive near which he was standing at the station suddenly gave a shrill whistle; he immediately felt as if something had given way in his ear, and could hear nothing but a mighty internal buzzing. The trip to Leipzig was given up. In a few days the buzzing in his ears stopped, and he could hear again; but it was as if the higher tones of the scale were cut off—above a certain acuteness of pitch he was deaf. From this time forward, note after note dropped out of the range of his hearing, until at last his deafness became complete. Beside his deafness, he suffered also intermittently from a severe nervous disorder.*

[2] *Franz's invaluable work in completing scores by Bach, Handel, and other old masters lies without the pale of the present monograph.*

Opus 2), could select from these quite at random when making up a new opus-number for publication. He also had the habit of keeping manuscripts with which he was not fully satisfied for years, taking them up again from time to time, and submitting them to a severe process of filing down. Nor was he content to trust his own critical sense unreservedly in this matter; he would call in musical friends, and get their opinion. Indeed, nearly all his songs were submitted to his friend Otto Dresel before publication, nor was Dresel the only one whose criticism was sought. Thus it happens that some songs in the later opus-numbers belong really to the composer's earliest period. One interesting fact is worth noting here: when writing his songs, Franz always had a mezzo-soprano voice in mind; he did not, however, object to having his songs sung by men, though he strongly resented all transpositions. He could never be got to sanction a change of key.

In his original creative work Franz remained a lyricist to the end; in the domain of the *Lied* —or, as the fashionable phrase now goes, the "art song"—he was the legitimate successor of Schubert and Schumann. It has been said that he brought the form of the *Lied* to its highest plastic perfection; this is true enough, but does not of itself convey an idea of the full value of his achievement. To create or perfect a musical form may be a feat of but superficial import; for it to have truly profound artistic significance, the form must be admirable not only for its plastic beauty but also, and chiefly, for the adequateness with which it gives outward expression to inward thought and feeling. And herein lies the real greatness of Franz's achievement.

In matters of artistic theory Franz had much in common with Wagner. Like him, he recognized as the true fundamental principle of all vocal composition that the music should spring as directly from the poetic text as the flower from its seed; and, though the outward aspect of the two men's work is widely different, this is simply because of the inherent and inevitable difference between the modes of dramatic and lyrical expression in music. And Franz was as intrinsically a lyricist as Wagner a dramatist. To bring up one important detail, Wagner strongly emphasized the idea that musical expression naturally tended to assume a lyric form in proportion as the matter to be expressed was purely emotional in quality, unalloyed by anything that appealed to the intellect or reason; and, in this sense, "lyric" and "definitely melodic" are synonymous. Following out this principle of Wagner's to its logical conclusion, Franz recognized this melodic form as musically integral in itself—a result arrived at also by Berlioz, if by a different mental process. So, where Wagner, the dramatist, found himself naturally and unavoidably enlarging his musical frames, rendering his forms of expression more diffuse (in a good sense) and capable of embracing more and more extended developments, Franz, the lyricist, just as inevitably and naturally carried on a process of formal condensation, eliminating everything that could interfere with his concentrating his musical expression upon a single point. Wagner's process of musical construction was essentially centrifugal, Franz's, centripetal; and the forms the latter employed were the most concise imaginable.

In Franz's songs the melody reflects the dominant mood of the poetic text far more than it binds itself down to expressing shifting minutiæ of emotion; for the musical expression of these he looks chiefly to his instrumental accompaniment, to his harmony. And it is to be noted that his accompaniments are nearly always essentially polyphonic in structure; for merely homophonic harmony, even when presented in the more ornate form of arpeggj, he had small liking. Stronger and pithier harmony no man ever wrote; like that of old Bach himself, his is always in the best sense expressive. Instances of this are the tremulous dissonance of the minor 2nd at the word "*zittert* (trembles)," still more, that wondrous chord of the diminished 7th with doubly diminished 5th on "*erschüttert* (shaken)," in his setting of Heine's *Wie des Mondes Abbild* (*As the Moon her Trembling Image*), (Opus 6, No. 2). Such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

As a harmonist, Franz was at once classical and very modern indeed. If his harmony rests for the most part on a diatonic rather than a chromatic basis, if his modulations lead generally to nearly related keys, he none the less sounds at moments all the depths of chromatic alteration and the enharmonic change; some of his sequences are in particular what hard-and-fast classicists would call exceedingly daring. He is quite free, too, in the matter of beginning a song in one key and ending it in another.

As has been said of Gustave Flaubert, that "his presentation of the outward aspect of men and things was so vivid that, to the careless reader, he might seem superficial," so may it seem to the short-sighted music-lover as if the plastic perfection of Franz's musical form somewhat impugned the poignancy of his expressiveness. But one must learn to dissociate vehemence of feeling from mere physical violence of expression; for in very truth, as Flaubert's vividness came, not from his stopping short at the outward aspect of men and things, but from the accuracy and profundity of his observation of their innermost nature and the completeness of his artistic synthesis, so does the outward perfection of Franz's forms spring directly from their exhaustive absorption of the emotion they seek to express.

If those violent and, so to speak, disruptive harmonic strokes, to which many composers (Wagner among them) often look for their most tremendous effects, are hardly to be found in Franz's songs, this is to be explained neither by lacking warmth of temperament nor by a timid, would-be-classical moderantism in expression, but simply by the nature of the lyrical field in which he worked. Like the born and bred lyricist he was, he both instinctively and from conviction avoided everything that might tend to destroy unity of mood, seeing clearly, too, that the concise forms he employed were peculiarly liable to such disruption if too violent expressive means were resorted to. Accordingly we find in his most daring sequences, in his most striking harmonic progressions (as we do also in Beethoven's, when that master writes in the epic, not in the dramatic, vein), a certain smooth naturalness in the manner in which the thing is done. He never makes the impression of having gone out of his way for anything, nothing seems lugged in by the hair. The cataclysms in his harmony, like those in Nature herself, all have something of the sublime calm of the workings of eternal law, not the petulancy of an irritated god.

The slow progress of the Franz propaganda is not hard to account for; in his case, almost everything has militated against easily won popularity. The individuality and originality of his genius, his solitary position in the world of music in his day, these were probably the prime obstacles. Then there are in his songs two elements which have served to render them unwelcome to the average great singer; and the public at large always grow to love a composer more through hearing fine performances of his works than by attacking them with their own voices and fingers.

The technical demands made by Franz's songs are not extraordinarily severe; old Manuel Garcia (as competent an authority as any going) even gave it as his deliberate opinion that they were generally more favorably written for the voice than either Schubert's or Schumann's. But these songs do present two special difficulties, which are all the more serious for being unusual and out of the habits of most singers to-day.

An intimate functional relation between voice-part and accompaniment is always an element of difficulty; herein lies, in the last analysis, the chief difficulty of Bach's and Handel's airs—one that has been a stumbling-block to most would-be Bach singers, though in Handel's case it has been cleverly juggled out of sight by time-honored (and entirely bad) "traditions." This intimate relation between voice-part and accompaniment is everywhere to be found in Franz's songs; it allows the singer less freedom of personal initiative than he is accustomed to claim. Singing such songs comes properly under the head of concerted performance; it is not quite solo-singing. And the old-fashioned style of ac-

companying, which aimed merely at supporting the voice and "following" the singer through all sorts of rhythmic vagaries, works utter ruin with Franz, though Schubert may at times endure it well enough. The relation between singer and accompanist should by no means be that of master and slave; there should be thorough sympathy, a quasi-Leibnitzian *harmonia praestabilita*, without which nothing admirable is to be accomplished. It should be said, too, that Franz's broad modern treatment of the pianoforte (his *Klaviersatz*), and the essentially polyphonic structure of his accompaniments, present tasks to which the ordinary professional accompanist is hardly grown; they require a finished pianist and musician.

The second difficulty, of a deeper-going sort, resides in the generally purely lyrical quality of the songs, their concise form, and the absence both of extended epic developments and of dramatic modes of expression. The conciseness of the form makes a certain even perfection in the performance indispensable throughout; the singer has no time nor opportunity to atone for minor blemishes by an occasional brilliant stroke. The cameo needs to be more perfect in detail than the fresco. Then, few singers can be prevailed upon to forego that dramatic strenuousness of emphasis with which they have reaped such rich harvests in other fields, and express feeling as simply as Franz has in his melodies.[1] When we reflect upon the sentimental acrobatics some great singers have lavished upon simple folk-songs, like *'Way down upon the Suwanee River* and *Home, Sweet Home*, we need not wonder at the steam they put on when dealing with the wealth of emotion of a Robert Franz, and the poets he has musically illustrated.

No doubt it is true, in one sense, that Franz's songs cannot be sung too poignantly; but they can be sung with a, so to speak, too comprehensive expressiveness. The singer should rest content with expressing no more than the composer himself has expressed in his melody; let him set this forth as warmly and thrillingly as he can, but not stultify the accompaniment by encroaching upon its domain, and including in his expression that which should fall solely to its share. Above all, let him, with all intensity of feeling and subtlety of expressive nuance, keep well within the bounds of that "modesty of nature" which Franz never overstepped.

Upon the whole, the Franz propaganda, if slow, has been sure and steadily waxing; his lovers are, and ever have been, among the best in the world of music. Still, though now ten years dead, he has not yet won real popularity; but others, and even greater than he, have waited longer. His time will come; of the future he may be as sure as any great genius that ever put pen to paper; the question is only, When? His solitariness is no cause for fear. He was no graceful pioneer into a no-thoroughfare, like Felix Mendelssohn; neither did he, like Robert Schumann, represent an early transitional stage in a great world-progress. Like Palestrina of old, he achieved and embodied in his works the supreme culmination of a special form of music; in the domain of the purely lyrical *Lied* no greater songs than his can be written. Such a man is safe.

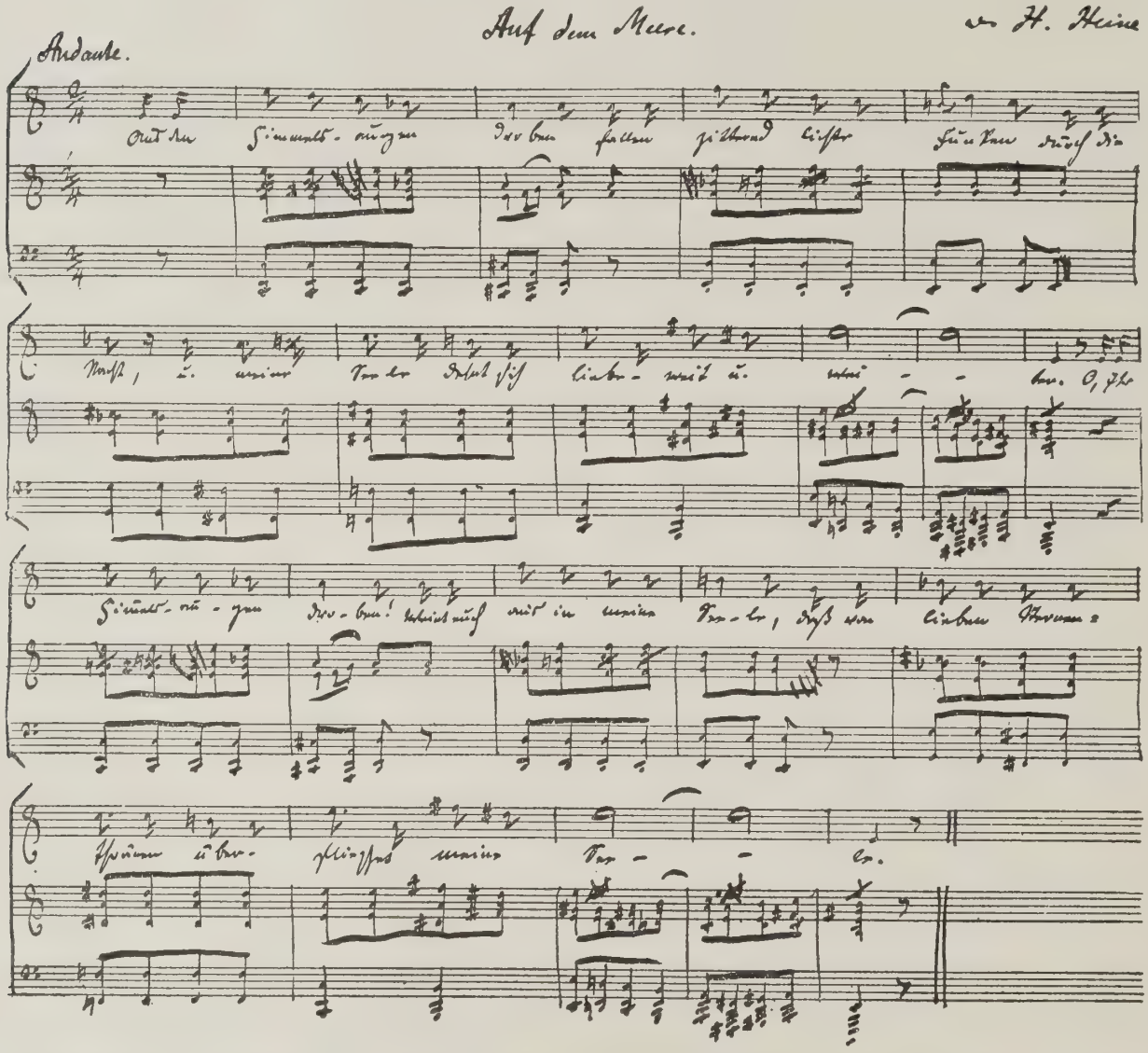
William J. Apthorp

Hingham, Mass., July 16, 1902.

[1] *A significant commentary on this is the profound remark made by one of our leading pianists, not long ago, on a certain performance of Brahms's* Ernste Lieder: "*If they had not been sung with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the hall!*"

FACSIMILE

OF A MS. OF "AUF DEM MEERE," OP. 5, NO. 3, BY ROBERT FRANZ



The original Manuscript is here reproduced through the courtesy of Miss Pauline Woltmanr of Boston, to whom it was given in 1901 *by Franz's daughter Frau Lisbeth Bethge of Halle.*

THE above sketch—for the process of evolution the song has since undergone makes it little else—is peculiarly interesting. It helps to show Franz's habitual method of composing, which, like Beethoven's, consisted mainly of a snowball-like accumulation of corrections on an original sketch; it is, moreover, interesting from its rarity, comparatively few of the composer's earlier sketches having been preserved. It was his habit to send perfectly clean copies of his songs to publishers, without a single correction in them; most prior versions, containing corrections, were destroyed.

This facsimile shows that some corrections were made in the sketch itself. Such are: the suppression of one of the middle parts in the accompaniment in measure 2 (still further modified before publication); a similar change in

measure 4, involving an actual change in the harmony (the new progression: B-flat, B-natural corresponding to the G, G-sharp in measure 2); the suppression of the sustained high E in the accompaniment in measures 9–10 and 19–20; changes in measures 12 and 14, to correspond to those in measures 2 and 4.

But a comparison of the facsimile with the published version of the song shows that these corrections did not satisfy the composer; others, and more important ones, were made later. We find in the published version: a systematic suppression of the harmony on the initial up-beat (*anacrusis*) of phrases, to correspond to the beginning of the opening phrase of the song; a more expressive part-leading in measures 9–10 and 19–20, with a more sonorous open position of the closing dominant chord of the half-cadence; the addition of another middle part in measure 12, making the harmony fuller than in the corresponding measure 2; other changes in part-leading here and there; above all, the picturesquely suggestive billowing sixteenth-note variation of measures 9–10 in the closing measures 19–20.

Note, too, that these changes are invariably improvements, that the song grows finer and stronger with every fresh stroke of the pen. The corrections either substitute a vital polyphonic leading of the parts for mere plain harmony (*accords plaqués*), or else add rhythmic variety to the monotonous succession of eighth-notes in the original sketch, whilst rendering the whole song more homogeneous by establishing recognizable rhythmic relations between different phrases. As is often the case with Beethoven, so do we find here also that, compared with the matured final version, the original sketch seems almost like the work of a schoolboy.

W. F. A.

FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT FRANZ

To Frl. Luise Gutike

THE WATERLILY
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(*Original Key*)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815-1884)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, No 3

Andante Softly (*Leise*)

VOICE

PIANO

pp

The qui - et wa - ter - li - ly
Die stil - le Lo - tos - blu - me

Floats on the waves' blue light; The broad leaves quiv - er and glim - mer, The
steigt aus dem blau - en See, die Blät - ter flim - mernund bli - tzen, der

cup is snow - y white. The moon pours down from
Kelch ist weiss wie Schnee. Da giesst der Mond vom

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heav - en All of her gold - en light, All of her gold - en
Him mel all' sei - nen gold - nen Schein, giesst al - le sei - ne

beam - ing In - to that bos - om white. A -
Strah - len in ih - ren Schoss hin - ein. Im

p

round the float - ing flow - er Cir - cles a snow - y swan, He
Was - ser um die Blu - me krei - set ein wei - sser Schwan, er

p

pp

sings so sweet, so soft - ly, The li - ly gaz - ing on. He
singt so süss, so lei - se, und schaut die Blu - me an. Er

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

sings so sweet, so soft - ly, And, sing - ing, pass - es a - way. O flow - er, snow - white
singt so süss, so lei - se, und will im Sin - gen ver - gehn. O Blu - me, wei - sse

pp cresc.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

flow - er, Canst thou di - vine his lay?
Blu - me, kannst du das Lied ver - stehn?

smorzando

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

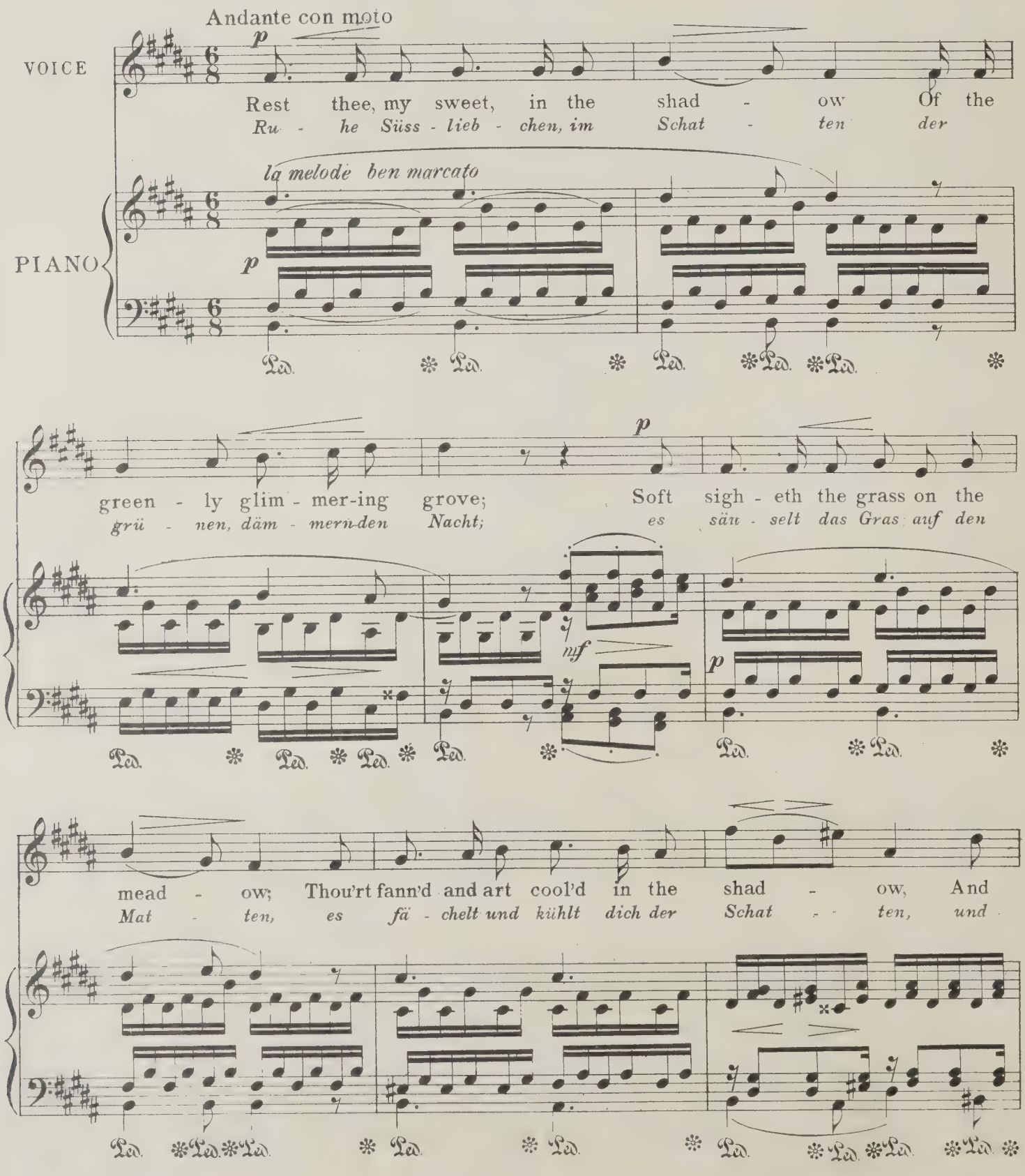
To Frl. Luise Gutike

SLUMBER SONG
(SCHLUMMERLIED)

(Original Key)

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK (1773-1853)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, No. 10



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watch'd by faith - ful love, And watch'd by faith - ful
treu - e Lie - be wacht, und treu - e Lie - be

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

pp

love. Sleep, then, sleep on,
wacht. Schla - fe, schlaf' ein,

pp

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

mf

'Neath the whis - per-ing pine, Ev - er I'll be
lei - ser rau - schet der Hain, e - wig bin ich

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

p

thine, ev - er I'll be thine.
Dein, e - wig bin ich Dein.

dim.

p

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.

p

Hush ye! in - vis - i - ble cho - rus! Dis -

Schweigt, ihr ver - steck - ten Ge - sän - ge und

dim.

R.H.

L.H.

p

turb not her dain - ty re - pose! The birds all, hov - er - ing

stört nicht die süs - ses - te Ruh! Es lauscht der Vö - gel Ge -

mf

p

o'er us, Sus - pend their be - wil - der - ing cho - rus; Sleep,

drän - ge, es ru - hen die lau - ten Ge - sän - ge, schliess,

cresc.

dar - ling, thine eye - lids close! Sleep, dar - ling, thine eye - lids

Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge zu, schliess, Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge

mf

pp

close! Soft - ly, oh, sleep! No
zu. Schla - fe, schlaf' ein, im

pp

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

noise near thee creep! Faith - ful - est . watch I'll
däm - mern - den Schein, ich will dein Wäch - ter

mf

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

keep, faith - ful - est watch I'll keep.
sein, ich will dein Wäch - ter sein.

p

dim.

p

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.

Mur - mur, mel - o - dies E - ly - sian!
Mur - melt fort, ihr Me - lo - di - en,

p

dim.

R.H.

p

L.H. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.

Whis - per low, thou purl - ing stream! Charm'd by some en-chant-ing
rau - sche nur, du stil - ler Bach, schö - ne Lie - bes-phan - ta -

mf

vi - sion, Full of all de - lights E - lys-ian, She is
si - en, spre - chen in den Me - lo - di - en, zar - te

smil - ing, smil - ing in her hap - py dream;
Träu - me, zar te Träu - me schwim - men nach.

pp

Thro' the whis - per-ing trees Lit-tle swarms of gold - en
Durch den flü - stern-den Hain schwär-men gold' - ne Bie - ne -

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

bees Keep hum - ming to lull thee a - sleep, keep
lein und sum - men zum Schlummer dich ein, und

p

dim.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

hum-ming to lull thee a - sleep.
sum - men zum Schlum - mer dich ein.

p

R.H.
smorzando

L.H.

Ped. *

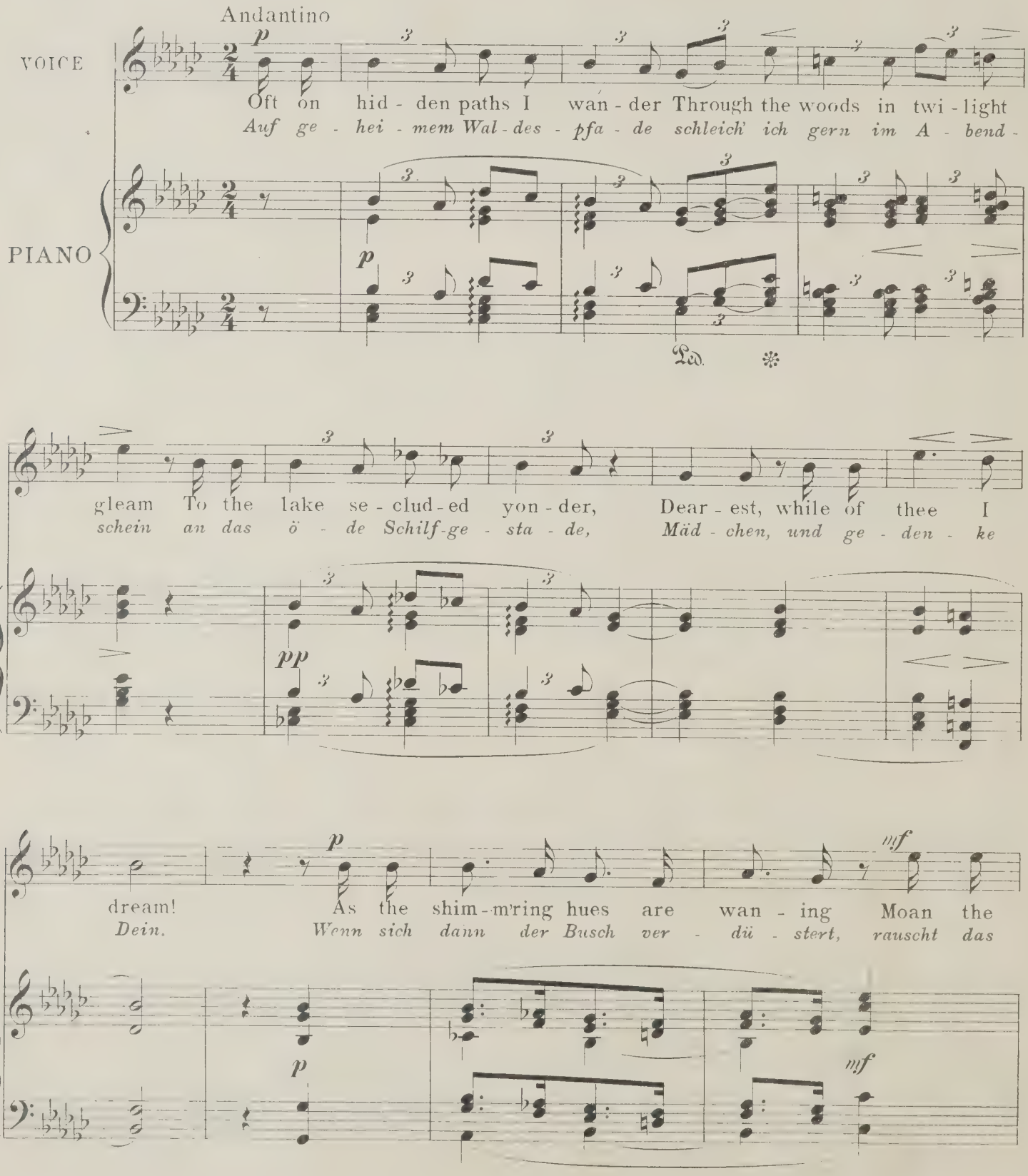
To Robert Schumann

OFT ON HIDDEN PATHS I WANDER
(AUF GEHEIMEM WALDESPFADE)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 1



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pp *mf*

reeds mys-te-rious-ly; And they whis-per low com-plain-ing That my
Rohr ge-heim-niss-voll, und es kla-get, und es flü-stert, dass ich

pp *mf*

tears must flow for thee. O'er the lake, in dark-ness ly-ing, Soft-ly
wei-nen, wei-nen soll. Und ich mein', ich hö-re we-hen lei-se

p

floats thy voice a-long And I hear the dy-ing ech-o
Dei-ner Stim-me Klang, und im Wei-her un-ter-ge-hen

Of thy cap-ti-vat-ing song.
Dei-nen lieb-li-chen Ge-sang.

pp

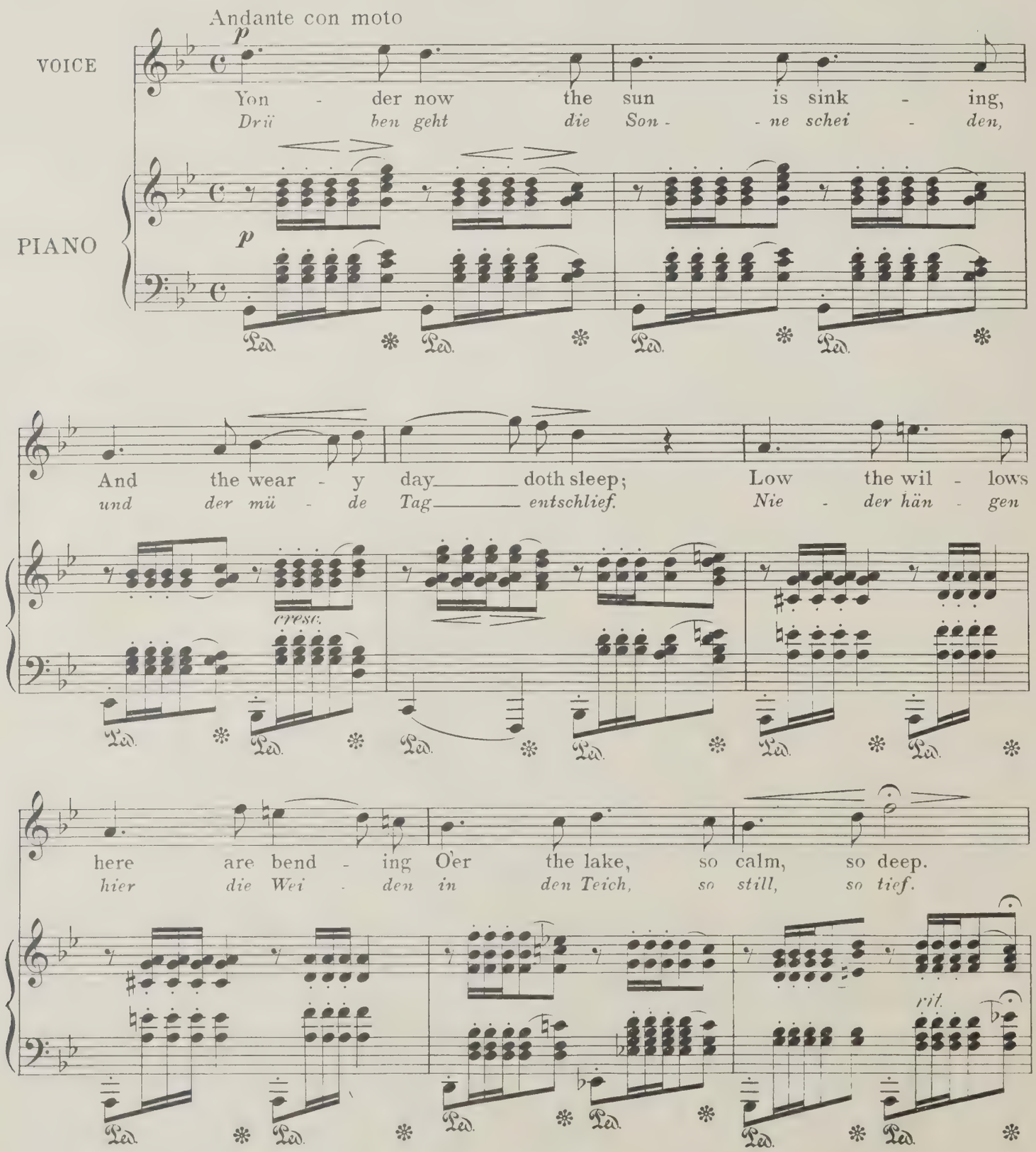
To Robert Schumann

YONDER NOW THE SUN IS SINKING
(DRÜBEN GEHT DIE SONNE SCHEIDEN)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by M. A. Robinson.

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 2



mf *p*

And my fate from thee di - vides me; Flow, ye tears, flow
Und ich muss mein Lieb - stes mei - den: quill', o Thrä - ne,

Animato

mf *p*

si - lent on! In the breeze the reed is sigh - ing,
quill' her-vor! Trau-rig säu - seln hier die Wei - den,

mf *mf*

p *pp*

And the wil - lows sad-ly moan.
und im Win - de bebt das Rohr.

p *pp* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Larghetto

p *rit. ten.*

In my deep and si - lent sor - row Falls thy light, love, from a - far,

In mein stil - les, tie - fes Lei - den strahlst du Fer - ne! hell und mild,

ten. *ad lib.* *p* *rit.*

a tempo Tempo I *mf*

As_ thro' reeds and drooping wil - lows Shines the mir - - ror'd

wie_ durch Bin - sen hier_ und Wei - den strahlt des A - - bend -

a tempo *mf*

ten.

eve - ning star.

ster - nes Bild.

rit. *p a tempo* *decresc.* *pp*

To Robert Schumann

DARK THE SKY, THE CLOUDS ARE FLYING

(TRÜBE WIRD'S, DIE WOLKEN JAGEN)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No 3

Allegro maestoso

PIANO

p

Ped.

p

Dark the sky, the clouds are
Trü - be wird's, die Wol - ken

fly - ing,
ja - gen,

mf

And the rain de-scends with
und der Re - gen nie - der -

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. *

might,
bricht,

f

And the bois - trous winds are
und die lau - ten Win - de

f

Ped. * Ped. *

pp

sigh - - ing;- Lake, ah, where thy

kla - - gen; Teich, wo ist Dein

pp

Star - ry Light?

Ster - nen - licht?

p

Seek thou for the van - ished

Su - chen den er - losch - nen

sf

p

gleam - ing, Seek thou deep 'neath waves that wild - ly
Schim - mer, su - chen tief im auf - ge - wühl - ten

sf *sf* *cresc.*

Ped. * Ped. *

flow. *p* Nev- er - more thy love re -
See. Dei - ne Lie - be lä - chelt

sf *cresc. molto* *f* *p*

Ped. *

deem-ing *p* Smiles up-on my bound-less woe!
nim - mer nie - der auf mein tie - fes Weh!

p *pp*

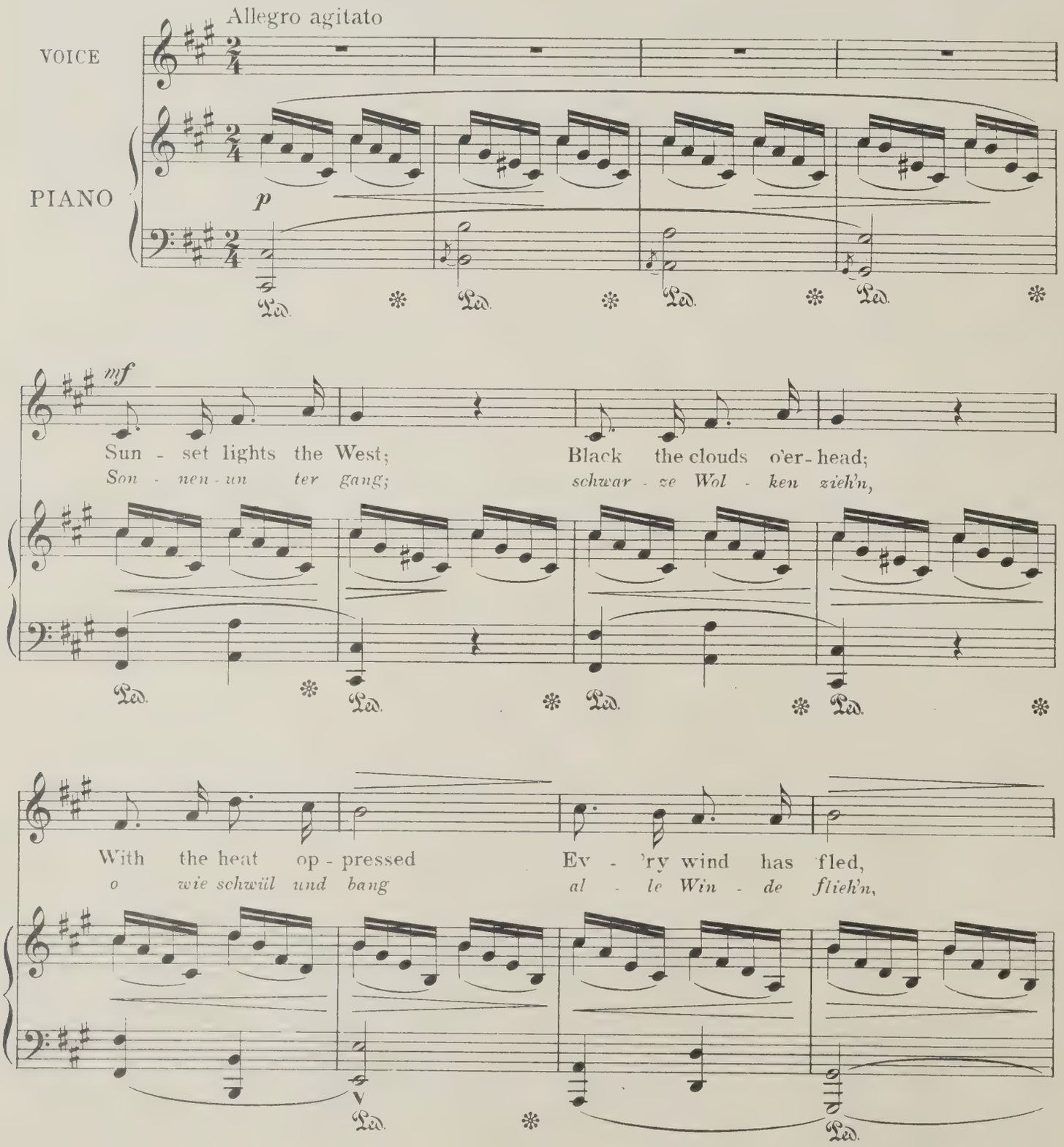
To Robert Schumann

SUNSET LIGHTS THE WEST
(SONNENUNTERGANG; SCHWARZE WOLKEN ZIEH'N)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 4



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cresc. *dim.*

With the heat op - pressed!
o wie schwül und bang!

cresc. *p*

mf

Light - ning-flash - es
Durch den Him - mel

dim. *p*

white Through the heav - ens break; By their fleet - ing
wild ja - gen Bli - tze bleich; ihr ver - gäng - lich

light Gleams the lone - ly lake, By their
Bild wan - delt durch den Teich, ihr ver

cresc.

dim.

fleet - - - ing light.
gäng - - - lich Bild.

dim. *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

Ev - 'ry
Wie ge -

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc.

pass - ing glare, shows thine im - age pale
wit - ter - klar mein' ich dich zu seh'n,

cresc. - - -

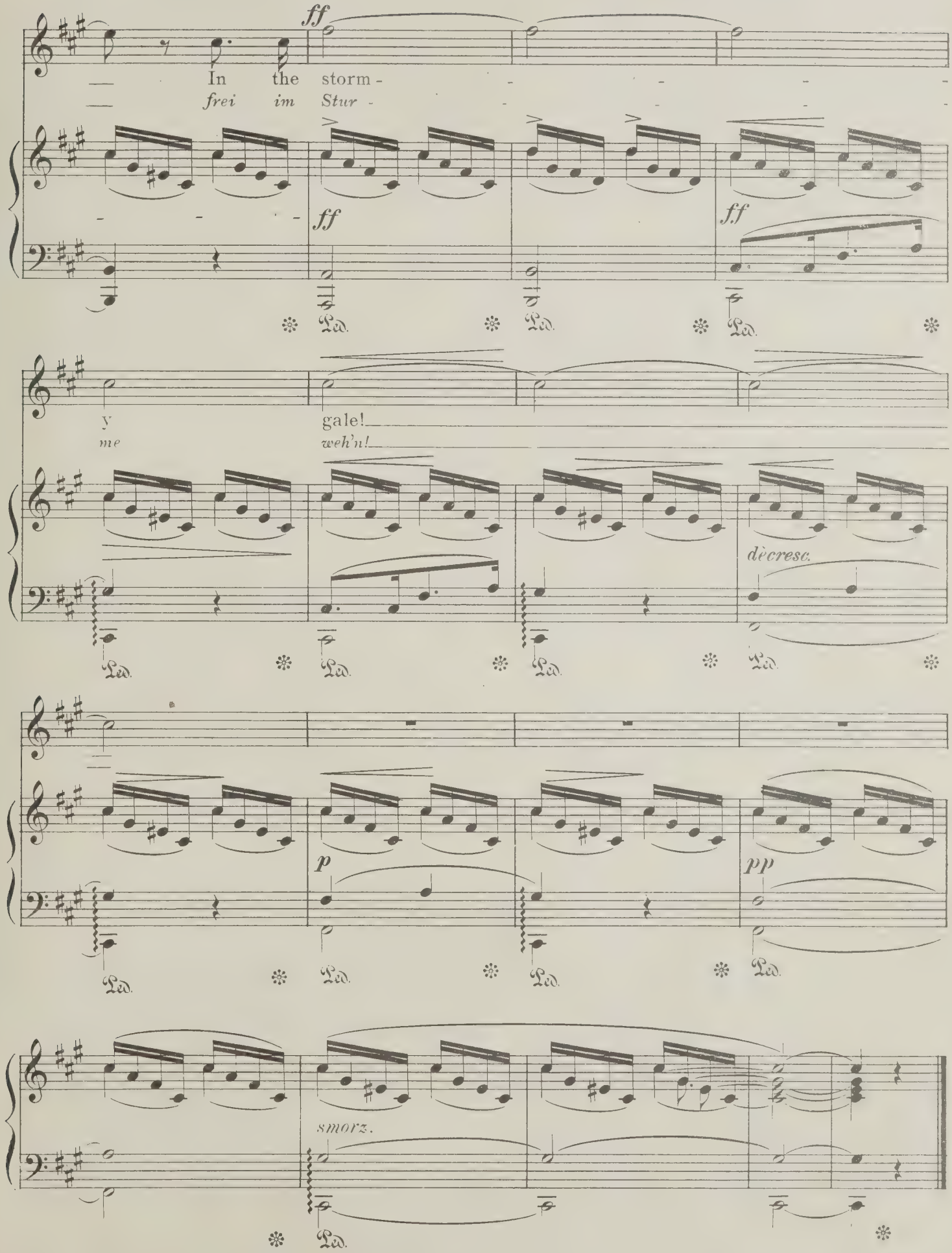
Ped. * Ped. *

cresc. *f*

And thy flow - ing hair In the storm - y gale,
und dein lan ges Haar, frei im Stur - me weh'n,

f *cresc. - - -*

* Ped. * Ped.


ff
In the storm - - - - - -
frei im Stur - - - - - -
ff
ff
y gale!
me weh'n!
dècresc.
p
pp
smorz.

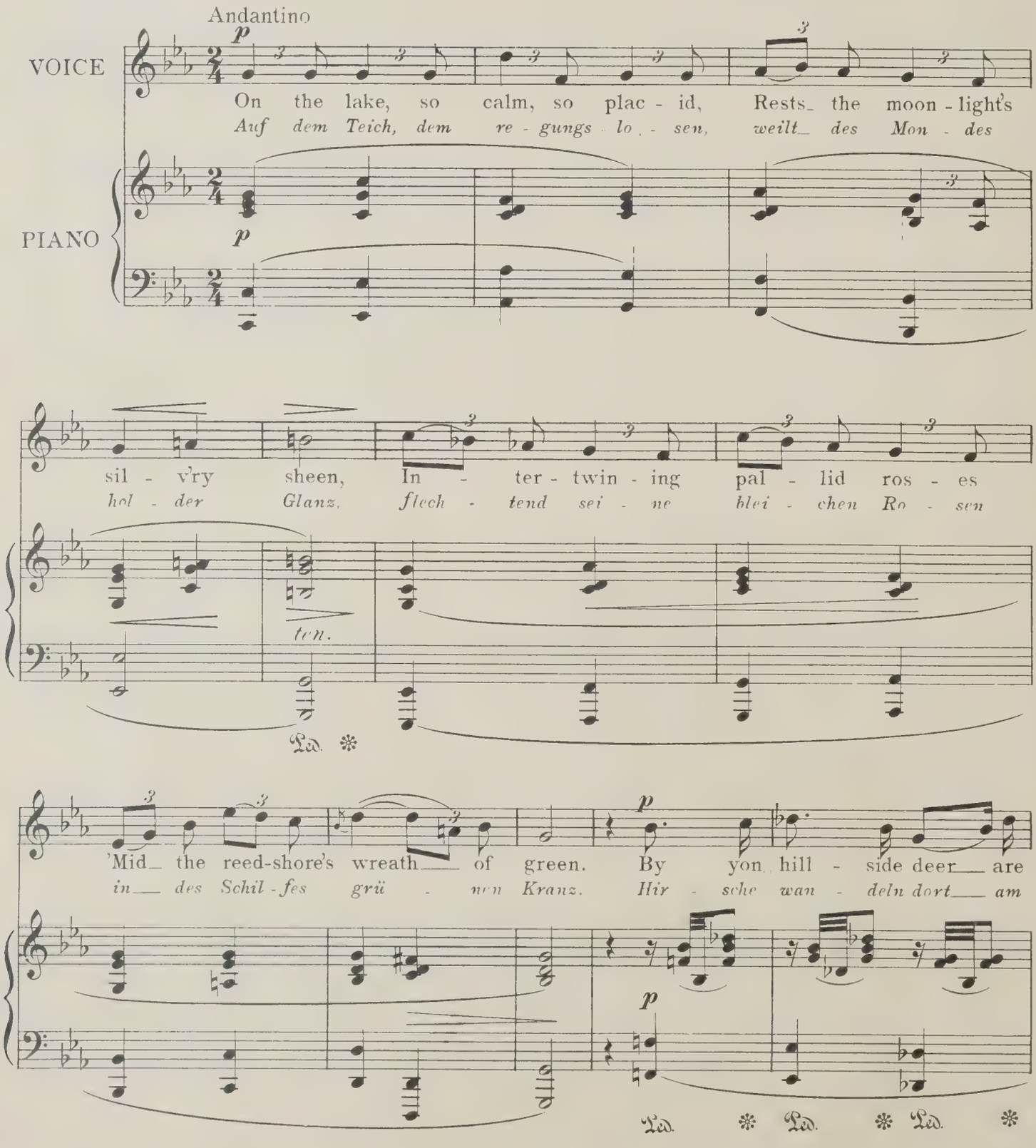
To Robert Schumann

ON THE LAKE, SO CALM, SO PLACID
(AUF DEM TEICH, DEM REGUNSLOSEN)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No 5



pp

roam - ing; Still the night, no sound is heard, Now and

Hü - gel, bli - cken in die Nacht em - por; manch - mal

pp

then, a - mid the rush - es Soft - ly stirs a sleep - ing

regt sich das Ge - flü - gel träu - me - risch im tie - fen

rall.

Larghetto

p

bird.

Rohr.

Weep - ing, I ___ my

Wei - nend muss_mein

smorz. e rall.

p

gaze___ must low - er; In my deep - est soul I
Blick___ sich sen - ken; durch die tief - ste See - le

bear Thoughts of thee, so sweet, so peace - ful, Like a
geht mir ein sü - sses Dein - ge - den - ken, wie ein

dim.

si - - lent eve - - ning pray'r!
stil les Nacht - ge - bet!

pp

ppp

THE ROGUE
(DER SCHALK)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 3, No 1

Allegretto con tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

Soon as May-bells ring their measure On_soft breez-es borne a-long,
Läu-ten kaum die Mai-en-glo-cken lei-se durch den lau-en Wind,

Starts a youth, with won-d'ring pleas-ure From the grass and flow'rs a-mong;
hebt ein Kna-be froh er-schro-cken aus dem Gra-se sich_ ge-schwind;

Più animato

'Mid the snow-y blos-soms wak-ing, Soon his gold-en locks he's shak-ing,
schüt-telt in den Blü-then-flo-cken sei-ne fei-nen blon-den Lo-cken,

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mf

Rogu - ish mus - ing, like ___ a child.

schel - misch sin - nend wie ein ___ Kind.

tenore ben marcato

mf *dim.* *mf*

Tempo I

p

Now the songs of larks are gush - ing: Soft - ly sighs the night - in-gale;

Und nun we - hen Ler - chen - lie - der und es schlägt die Nach - ti - gall,

p

mf

From the moun - tains swift-ly rush - ing, Spark - ling tor - rents seek the vale;

rau - schend von den Ber - gen nie - der kommt der küh - le Was - ser - fall;

mf

Più animato

p *cresc.*

In the woods bright birds are wing-ing; Spring re-turns, new pleas - ures bring - ing;
rings im Wal - de bunt Ge - fie der: Früh - ling Früh-ling ist es wie - der

p

f

Joy re - sounds o'er hill _____ and dale.
und ein Jauch - zen ü ber - all.

tenore ben marcato.

f *dim.*

Tempo I

p

Gold - en threads so light and shin - ing, Weaves the boy with gen - tle arts,
Und den Kna - ben hört man schwir - ren, gold - ne Fä - den zart und lind

p

Più animato

mf *p* *p*

On the breez-es in - ter-twin-ing And a charming con - test starts: Seek - ing, fly-ing,

durch die Lüf - te kunstlich wir - ren und ein sü - sser Krieg be - ginnt: Su - chen, Fliehen,

p *p*

cresc. *f*

fond il - lu - sion, till they're lost in sweet con-fu - sion; Oh, thou lab - y -

schmach - tend Ir - ren, bis sich al - le hold ver - wir - ren_ O be - glück - tes

cresc.

rinth of___ joy!

La - by - - rinth!

tenore ben marcato

mf *pp*

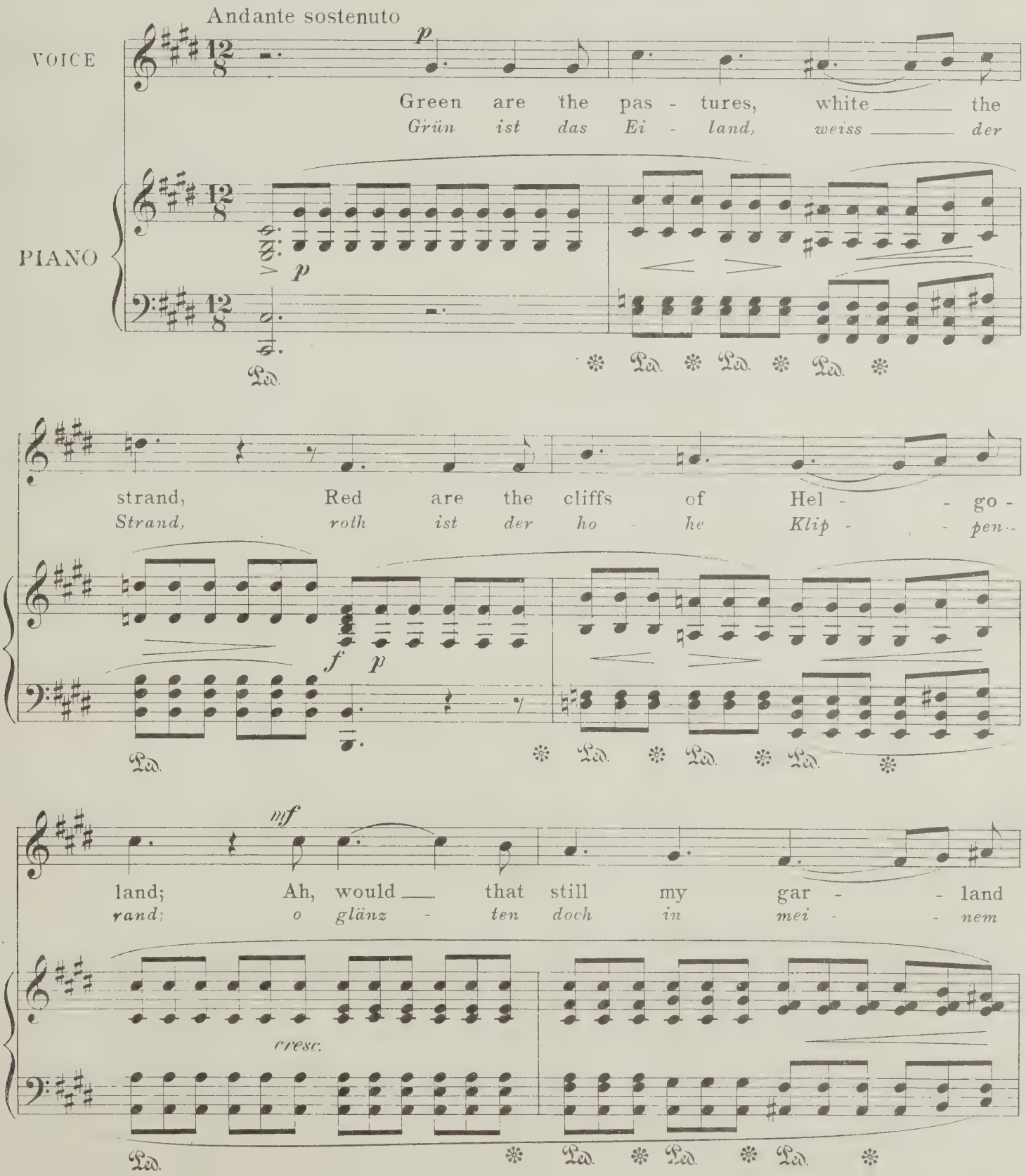
To Felix Mendelssohn

THE COLORS OF HELGOLAND
(DIE FARBEN HELGOLANDS)

(Original Key)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 3, No. 2



wore These hues — that deck — the is - land shore!
Kranz noch die - se Far - ben Hel - go - lands!

p

Thou wreath of love, once green — and
Du Kranz der Lie - be, grün — und

f *p*

red, How art thou now so pale — and
roth, wie bleibst du jetzt so bleich — und

f *p*

dead! One flow'r a - lone still blooms on
todt! Ein Blüm - - chen blüht an dir al -

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf *cresc.*

thee, The flow'r that speaks: "For - get not
lein, das Blü - me - lein: "Ver - giss - - nicht

mf *cresc.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

me, for - get not me!"
mein, Ver - giss - nicht - mein!"

p

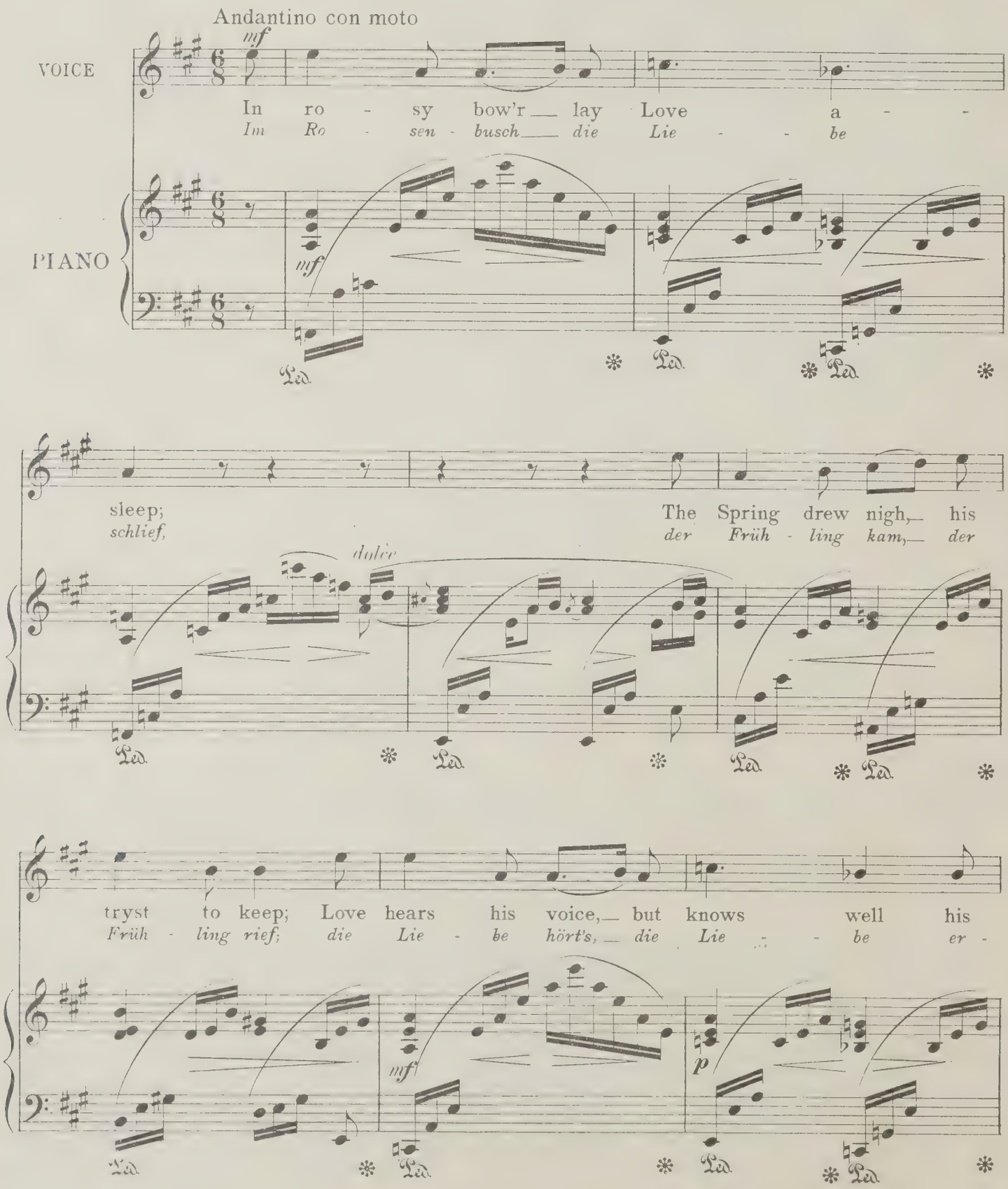
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * *pp* Ped. *

SPRING AND LOVE
(FRÜHLING UND LIEBE)

(Original Key)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 3, No 3



wiles, Peeps from a bud and arch-ly smiles, And
wacht, schaut aus der Knosp' her-vor und lacht, und

p

dol. *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

thinks: "the win-ter's not yet o'er," Then
denkt, zu zei-tig möcht's wohl sein, und

a tempo *dolce*

rit.

calm-ly falls a-sleep once more.
schläft dann ru-hig wie-der ein.

mf

But Spring of woo - ing wea - ries
Der Früh - ling a - ber lässt nicht

dolce

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ne'er, Each morn with kiss - es
nach, er küsst sie je - den

dolce

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

wa - kens her, Ca - ress - es her the live - long
Mor - gen wach, er kost mit ihr von früh bis

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

day, Till to her heart he's found his way, And
spät, bis sie ihr Herz ge - öff - net hat und

mf

she his fer - vent long - ing stays And
sei - ne hei - sse Sehn - sucht stillt, und

dolce

p

ev - 'ry sun - ny gleam re - pays.
je - den Son - nen - blick ver - gilt.

p

dolce

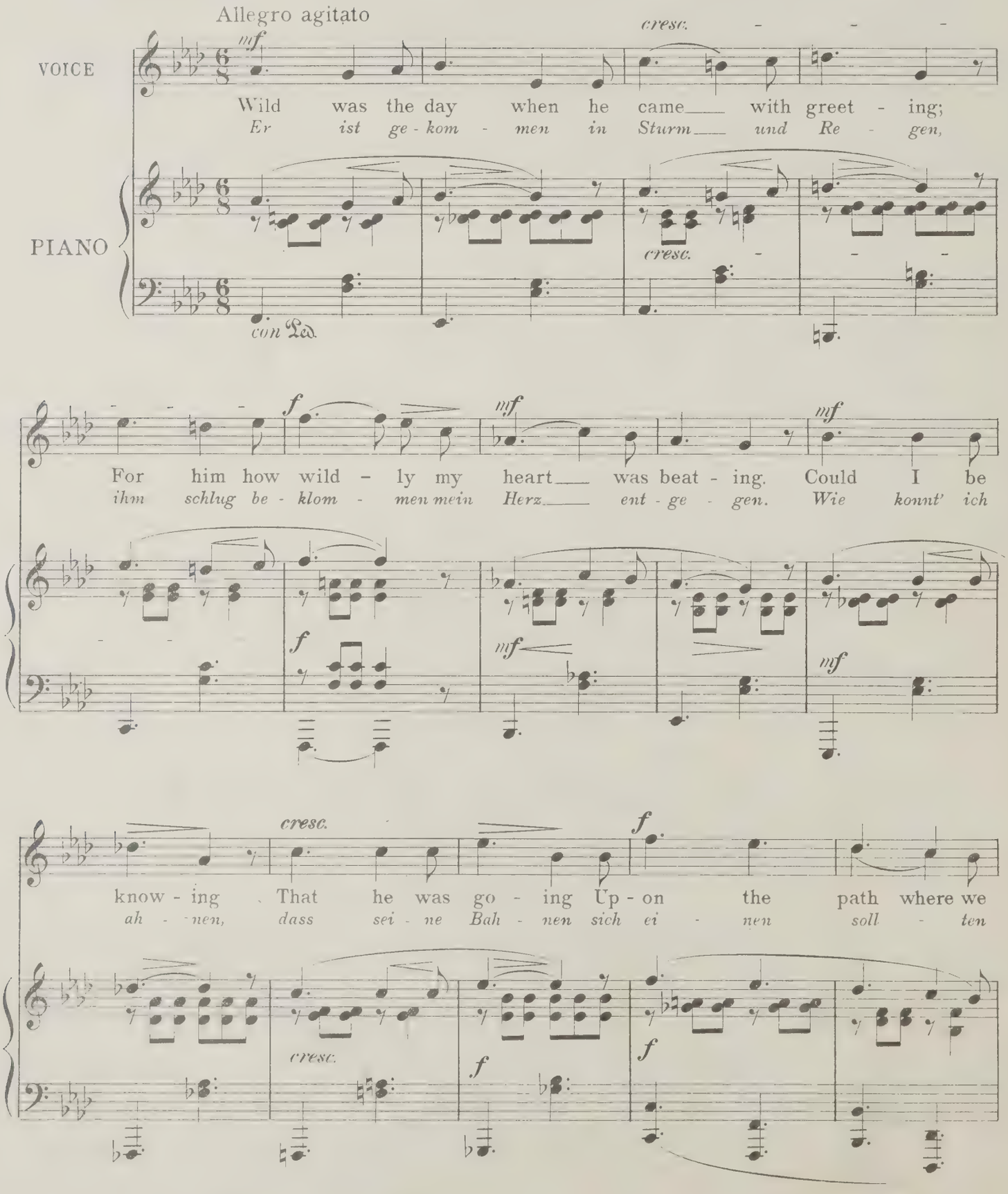
HIS COMING

(ER IST GEKOMMEN)

(Original Key)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 4, No. 7



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soon should be meet - - ing!
mei - - nen We - - gen?

la melode ben marcato

mf

cresc.

mf

Wild was the
Er ist ge -

f

mf

cresc.

day and the rain was beat - ing; He won my
kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen, er hat ge -

cresc.

cresc.

f

mf

mf

heart by his look and greet - ing. Nay, 'twas no woo - ing,
nom - men mein Herz ver - we - gen. Nahm er das mei - ne?

f

f

mf

mf

f

'Twas Fate's own do - ing: Ere lips had met, our
nahm ich das sei - ne? die bei - den ka - men

cresc. *f*

mf

souls were meet - ing!
sich ent - ge - gen.

la melode ben marcato *cresc.*

mf

mf

Dark was the
Er ist ge -

f *mf*

cresc. *f*

day of his com - ing and greet - ing! Days may be dark and the
kom men in Sturm und Re - gen. Nun ist ent - glom - men des

cresc. *f*

mf *p* *mf*

Spring - time fleet - ing; No long - er he's near me, yet faith shall

Früh - lings Se - gen. Der Lieb - ste zieht wei - ter, ich seh' es

mf *p* *mf*

f

cheer me; His heart to mine still tru - ly, tru - ly

hei - ter, denn mein bleibt er auf al - len, al - len

f marcato

beat - ing.

We - gen.

la melode ben marcato *cresc.* *sf*

f

ff *f*

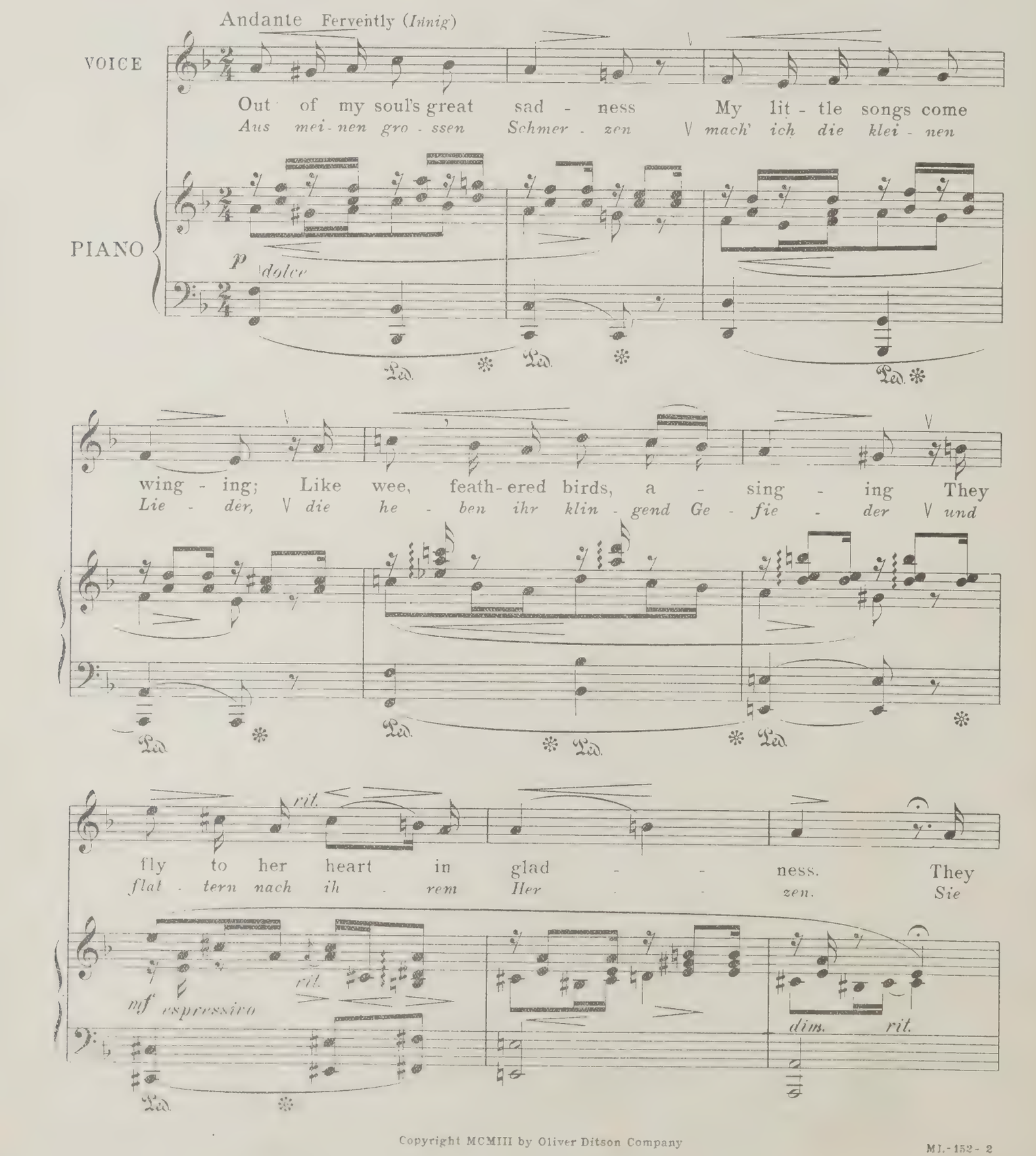
To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

OUT OF MY SOUL'S GREAT SADNESS
(AUS MEINEN GROSSEN SCHMERZEN)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 1



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p

found her, and round her hover'd, And now they're come back, and they

fan - den den Weg zur Trau - ten, doch kom - men sie wie - der und

Ped. Ped. Ped.

mf

scold me, And yet not a song - let has told me What

kla - gen, und kla - gen und wol - len nicht sa - gen, was

mf *cresc.*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

they in her heart dis - cov - ered.

sie im Her - zen schau - ten.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

ON THE SEA
(AUF DEM MEERE)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No 3

Andantino Very fervently *(Sehr innig)*

VOICE

PIANO

From the star - ry eyes of heav - en Trem - bling
Aus den Him - mels - au - gen dro - ben fal - len

sparks of light are fall - ing Thro' the night; my soul in
zit - ternd lich - te Fun - ken durch die Nacht, und mei ne

rit. a tempo

rap - ture Soars on wings of love to meet them. O ye
See - le dehnt sich lie - be - weit und wei - ter. O, ihr

poco rit. a tempo

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eyes of heav'n a - bove me, Pour your beams in - to my
Him - mels - au - gen dro - ben! Weint auch aus in mei - ne

p

Ped. ✻

bos - om Till those tears of star - ry bright - ness Fill my
See le, dass von lie - ben Ster - nen - thrä - nen ü - ber -

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

poco rit. *a tempo*

soul to o - ver - flow - - - - ing.
flie - sset mei - ne See - - - - le.

poco rit. *a tempo*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

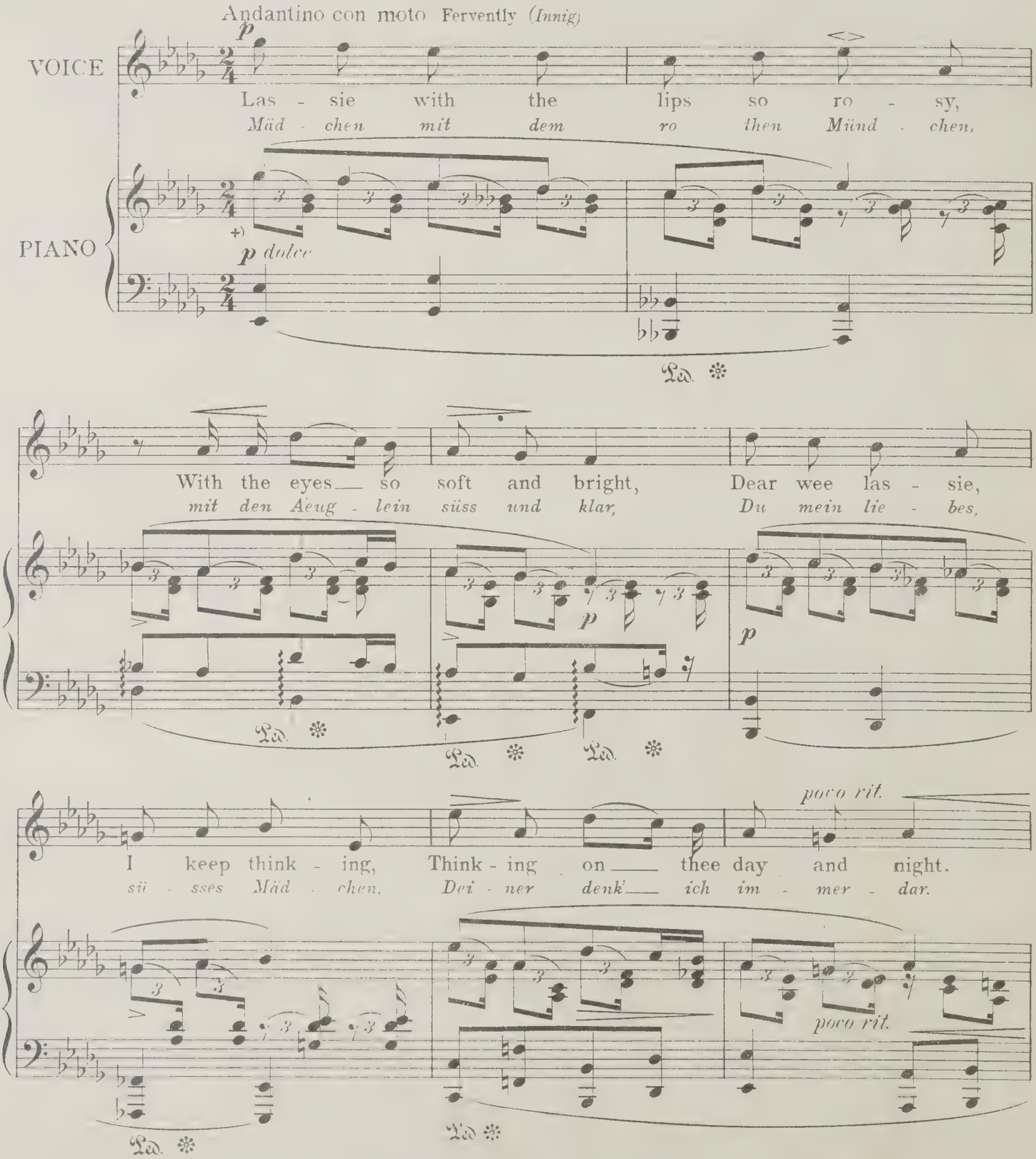
To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

LASSIE WITH THE LIPS SO ROSY
(MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTHEN MÜNDCHEN)

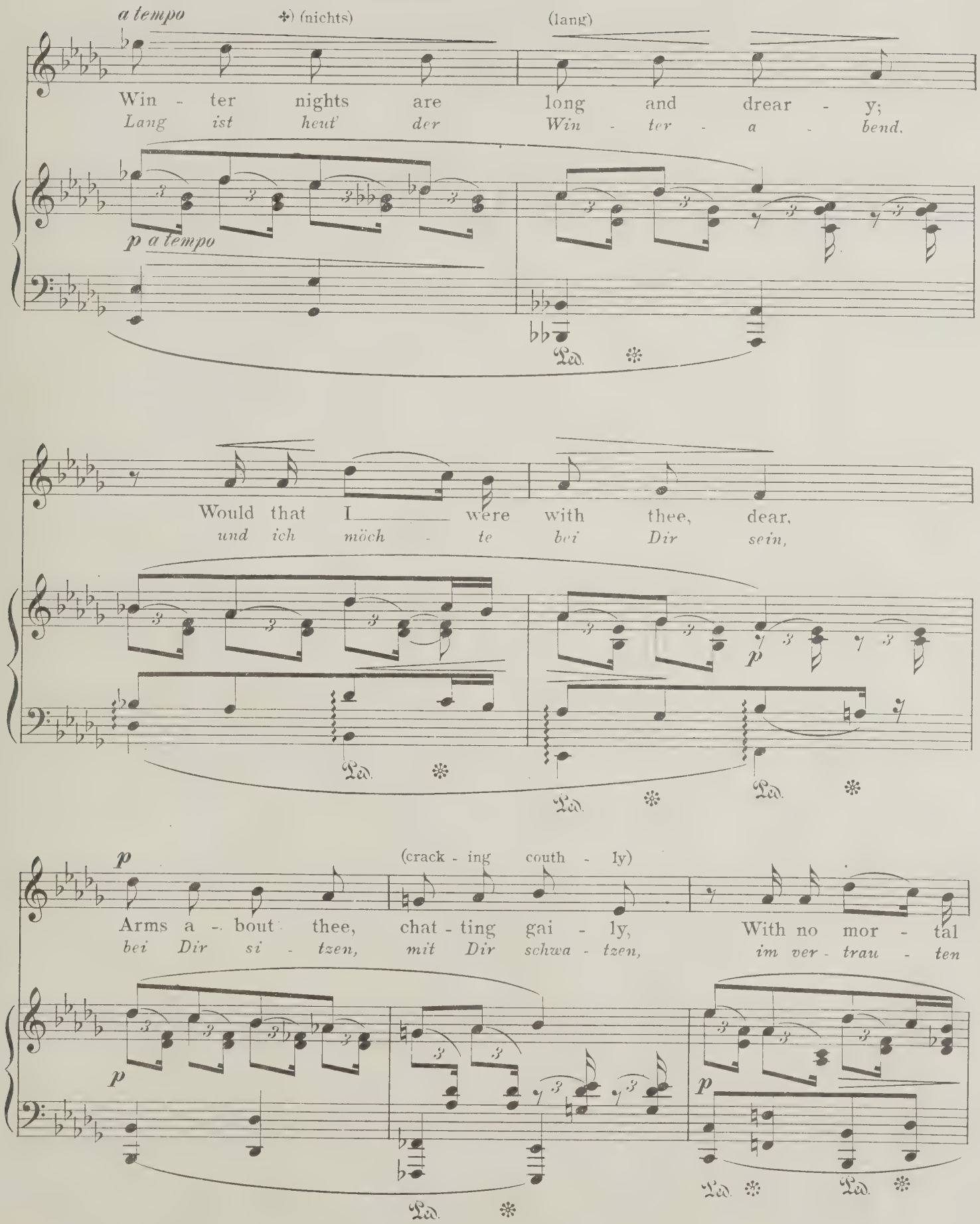
(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No 5



+) Remark. The sixteenth notes of the triplets must throughout be light and short.
Anmerk: Die Sechszehntheile der Triolenfiguren müssen durchaus leicht und kurz angeschlagen werden.



✣) The Scotch words in parentheses are in Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

With fervor
(Mit Wärme)

by to hear! With my kiss - es I would smoth - er
Käm - mer - lein. An die Lip - pen wollt' ich pres - sen

riten. *mf*

(jimp . and sma')

p

Thy white hand so fair and small, And my tears for
Dei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand, und mit Thrä - nen

mf molto più lento

p

mf ben legato ed espress.

ver - y rap - ture On that wee white hand should fall.
sie be ne - tzen, Dei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand.

p (fa')

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

FAREWELL
(GUTE NACHT)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 7

Andante, Softly and fervently *(Leise, innig)*

VOICE

PIANO

sempre pp

p

The hills and for - ests are
Die Höh'n und Wäl - der schon

dark' - ning Ev - er deep - er in eve - ning glow; A
stei - gen im - mer tie - fer ins A - bend - gold, ein

bird asks soft in the branch - es, "May I greet thy love, or
Vög - lein fragt in den Zwei - gen: ob es Lieb - chen grüs - sen

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no? May I greet thy love, or no?" O
sollt; ob es Lieb - chen grüs - sen sollt? O

bird - ling, 'tis vain to de - ceive thee, No more in this vale doth she
Vög - lein, du hast dich be - tro - gen, sie woh - net nicht mehr im

dwell, Wing forth to the arch of heav - en, Greet her
Thal, schwing' auf dich zum Him - mels - bo - gen, grüss' sie

there with my last fare - - well.
dro - ben zum letz - ten - - mal.

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

FOREBODINGS
(VERGESSEN)

(Original Key)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 10

Larghetto appassionato

VOICE

PIANO

tremolando

mf

Oh! pain - ful dream, why haunt me so, On wings of dusk - y night up-borne?

O ban - ger Traum, was flat - terst du mit schwar - zem Flü - gel um mein Haupt?

mf

All rest and peace I e'er can know From my sad heart is rude - ly torn.

Du hast mir, du, die gan - ze Ruh' aus mei nem Her - zen wild ge - raubt.

f pesante il Basso

dim.

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I dream, I pace the riv - er's strand, The
Ich träum': ich steh' an Ba - ches Rand, die

wil - lows weep there all for-lorn. The
Trau - er - wei - de hängt her - ein, die

p

p marcato il Basso

stream - let dies and turns to sand, The blue for - get - me - nots
Quel - le schwand, ver - dorrt im Sand sind all die blau - en Ver -

now are gone.
giss - nicht-mein.

f più moto
Bewegter als vorher

For - got - ten! ah, to
Ver - ges - sen, ach! ver -

dim.

f

be for-got By one, the dear - est heart of all,-
ges - sen sein vom lieb - sten Her - zen in der Welt.

f

This is the chief, the
das ist al - lein die

f

cresc.

heav - - iest grief Which on a hu - man heart can
schwer - - ste Pein, die auf ein Men - schen - her - ze

cresc.

ff

fall.
fällt.

dim.

p

pp al smorzando

AS THE MOON HER TREMBLING IMAGE
(WIE DES MONDES ABBILD)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 6, No 2

Larghetto tranquillo
Softly, with fervor
(Leise, innig, sanft getragen)

VOICE

PIANO

p

As the moon her trem - bling im - age On the
Wie des Mon - des Ab - bild zit - tert in den

p dolce

storm - y waves im - press - es, While a - loft, in heav'n's calm
wil - den Mee - res - wo - gen, und er sel - ber still und

poco rit.

az - ure, All the world with light she bless - es, So se -
si - cher wan-delt an den Him mels - bo - gen, Al - so

poco rit.

p a tempo

p a tempo

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rene, my love, thou shin - est, As the moon - light far a- -
wan - delst du, Ge - lieb - te, still und si - cher, und es

dolciss.

bove thee, While my heart for thee is break - ing, So su -
zit - tert nur dein Ab - bild mir im Her - zen, weil mein

mf

preme - ly do I love thee.
eig - nes Herz er - schüt - tert.

p

To Franz Liszt

SPRING'S PROFUSION
(FRÜHLINGSGEDRÄNGE)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 7, № 5

Allegretto animato
Tenderly, lightly (*Zart, mit Leichtigkeit*)

VOICE

PIANO

Spring's fair chil - dren in mot - ley pro - fu - sion,
Früh - lings - kin - der im bun - ten Ge - drän - ge,

Flut - ter-ing blos - soms, sweet - breathing flow - ers, Sweet, hap-py love - songs,
flat - tern-de Blü - then, duf - ten - de Hau - che, schmach-ten-de, ju - beln-de

joy - ous il - lu - sion, Rush to my heart from each bush and
Lie - bes-ge - sän - ge stür - zen an's Herz mir aus je - dem

bow - - - er.
Strau - - - che.

mf

p

Spring's fair chil - dren, my heart sur - round - ing, Whis - per to me with
Früh - lings - kin - der mein Herz um - schwär - men, flü - stern hin-ein mit

p

words so ca - ress - ing, Or with a breath - less clam - or re - sound - ing,
schmeicheln-den Wor - ten, ru - fen hin-ein mit trun - ke-nem Lär - men,

In - to my soul's re - cess - es they're press - - ing.
rüt - teln an längst ver - schlos - se-nen Pfor - - ten.

p

Spring's fair chil - - dren, my heart es -
Früh - - lings - kin - - der, mein Herz um -

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc.

py - - ing, Have ye seen what there -
rin - - gend. Was doch sucht ihr da -

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

in is ly - - ing? Have I be -
rin so drin - - gend? Hab' ich's ver -

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

trayed it, un - think - ing mor - tal! Dream - ing
ra - then euch jüngst im Trau - - me, schlum - mernd

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

un - der the flow' - ring myr - tle?
un - ter dem Blü - then - bau - me?

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

p

Or has the morn - ing - wind told the sto - ry, That in my heart, in
Brachten euch Mor - gen - win - de die Sa - ge, dass ich im Her - zen

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

bliss - ful un - ion, Safe - ly hid is your play - com - pan - ion
ein - ge - schlos - sen eu - ren lieb - li - chen Spiel - ge - nos - sen,

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

That I in se - cret her im - age car - - ry?
heim - lich und se - lig ihr Bild - niss tra - ge?

mf

Ped. * Ped. *

THE MESSENGER
(DER BOTE)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.8, No 1

Poco Allegretto
Gently, lightly *(Zart, leicht)*

VOICE

PIANO

The stars in the heav-ens are twin-kling so gay, Thy
Am Him-mels-grund schie-ssen so lu - stig die Stern', dein

true love sends greet-ings from far, far a - way, from far, far a - way.
Schatz lässt dich grü - ssen aus wei - ter, wei - ter Fern', aus wei - ter, wei - ter Fern'.

Once by the door all un - no-ticed hung a lute, my de - light; The
Hat ei - ne Zi - ther ge - han - gen an der Thür un - be - acht; der

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strings were stirred gen - tly by the breez - es at night, by the breez - es at
Wind ist ge - gan - gen durch die Sai - ten bei Nacht, durch die Sai - ten bei

night. Up it flew from the trel - lis o - ver the
Nacht. Schwang sich auf dann vom Git - ter ü - ber die

moun - tains, o - ver fields;- The lute is my heart, joy - ous the mu - sic it
Ber - ge, ü - ber'n Wald - mein Herz ist die Zi - ther, giebt ei - nen fröh - li - chen

yields, joy - ous the mu - sic it yields.
Schall, giebt ei - nen fröh - li - chen Schall.

Ped. ✻

CALM AT SEA
(MEERESSTILLE)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No. 2

Andante con moto
In ballad tone *(Im Balladenton)*

VOICE

PIANO

I lean from the ship while gaz - ing In - to the depths be - low, Where
Ich seh' von des Schif - fes Ran - de tief in die Fluth hin - ein: Ge -

moun - tains and ver - dant mead - - ows, And ru - ins of long a -
bir - ge und grü - ne Lun - - de und Trüm - mer im fal - ben

go, and point - ed tur - rets greet me.
Schein, und za - cki - ge Thürm' im Grün - - de,

As they oft did my dreams de - light; They
wie ich's oft mir im Traum ge - dacht, das

all be-neath me are gleam - ing Like un - to a beau - ti-ful
däm - mert Al - les da un - - ten als wie ei - ne präch - ti - ge

night.
Nacht.

p

dim.

mf

The sea - king up - on his watch - - tow'r
See - kö-nig auf sei - ner War - - te

p

mf

mf

Sits in the twi - light deep, As if, with his
sitzt in der Däm - me - rung tief, als ob er mit

beard so hoar - - y O'er his harp he'd
lan - gem Bar - - te ü - ber sei - ner

fal - len a - sleep.
Har - fe schlief.

p dim.

Più moto
mf

cresc.

A - bove him the ships are sail - ing; He
Da kom - men und ge - hen die Schif - fe da -

p *dim.* *p*

rall. *p*

heeds them with nev - er a glance; From
rii - ber, er mer - ket es kaum, von

cresc. *rall. e dim.*

cor - al reef he greets
sei - nem Co - ral - len - rif - - - -

p

Tempo I *p*

them, As in a dream - y trance, as
fe grüsst er sie wie im Traum, grüsst

p

in a dream - y trance.
er sie wie im Traum.

To Otto Dresel

PASSING THROUGH THE MOONLIT WOODS
(DURCH DEN WALD IM MONDENSCHEINE)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, № 3

Allegretto vivace

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Pass - - ing through the moon - lit woods, I
Durch den Wald im Mon - den - schei ne,

mf

late - ly saw the Elves a - rid - ing, Heard their lit - tle fair - y bu - gles,
sah ich jüngst die El - fen rei - ten; ih - re Hör - ner hört' ich klin - gen,

f

f

Heard their ti - ny bells a - chim - - - ing.
ih - re Glöck - chen hört' ich läu - - - ten.

p

f

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mf

From the brows of their white hors - es gold - en ant - lers were ex-tend - ing;

Ih - re wei - ssen Röss - lein tru - gen güld' - nes Hirsch-ge - weih' und flo - gen

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

On they sped like swans in mo - tion, Through the air their swift way

rasch da - hin, wie wil - de Schwä - ne kam es durch die Luft ge -

mf *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

p

wend - - - ing. Then their Queen, she smiled and nod - ded,

zo - - - gen. Lä - chelnd nick - te mir die Kön' - gin,

mf *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

As she kept her course un-bro-ken.
lä-chelnd im Vor-ü-ber-rei-ten.

pp

Slow
Langsam

mf

Shall new love my heart en-rap-ture, Or did death her smile be-
Galt das mei-ner neu-en Lie-be o-der soll-es Tod be-

mf

rit.

to-ken?
deu-ten?

rit. *a tempo*

marcato

smorzando

To Otto Dresel

TEMPEST AND STORM-FURIES SHRIEKING!
(DAS IST EIN BRAUSEN UND HEULEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No 4

Agitated and passionate *Aufgeregt, leidenschaftlich*

VOICE

f

Tem-pest and storm-fu-ries shriek-ing, Black skies and rain-sheets a - bove!
Das ist ein Brau - sen und Heu - len, Herbst-nacht und Re - gen und Wind!

PIANO

f (tremolando)

mf

Where is the maid I'm seek - ing, My far - off, lone - ly
Wo mag wohl je - tzo wei - len mein ar - mes, ban - ges

mf

f

love?
Kind?

p

espress.

p

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quieter than before
(ruhiger als vorher)

pp

Me - thinks that she sits at her
Ich seh' sie am Fen - ster

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

mf

case - ment, With eyes full of tears and pain, And
leh - nen, im ein - sa - men Käm - mer - lein: das

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

slowly, with breadth
(langsam, breit)

p

ga - zes with bit - ter long - ing In - to the night and rain.
Au - ge ge - füllt mit Thrä - nen starrt in die Nacht hin - ein.

ten.

p

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

STORMY NIGHT
(GEWITTERNACHT)

(Original Key)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, № 6

Allegro maestoso ed appassionato
With utmost energy *(Mit grösster Energie)*

VOICE

PIANO

f

Rage, thou tem - pest, fierc - er and fierc - er, Roar still
Grol - le lau - ter, zür - nend Ge - wit - ter, Sturm - wind,

sempre ff

loud - er, thou deep - rol - ling thun - der, Ope to the
ra - se, du wil - der Ge - sel - le, öff - ne dem

ff

light - ning the cloud - y por - tal, That it may rend the dark - ness a -
Blitz das Wol - ken - git - ter, dass er die schwar - ze Nacht mir er -

ff

sun - der:
hel - le

ff

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p

Com - fort I find, O heav'n, in thy ra - ging;

Tröst - lich ist mir, o Him - mel, dein Ha - dern:

p

cresc.

Doubt filled my bos - om my blood mad - ly sur - ging,

Zwei - fel im Her - zen, Zorn in den A - dern,

cresc.

When from my loved one now I did sev - er. No kiss, no

bin ich von mei - nem Mäd - chen ge - schie - den, ohn' Kuss und

f

f

word; So I went forth In the tem - pest and

Wort so ging ich fort in die grol - len - de

ff *ten.* *p*

colla parte

ff *pp*

rit.

night, peace gone for - ev - er.
Nacht und su - che Frie - den.

pp rit. a tempo rit.

f

Woe! no more my bos - om may cher - ish That sweet
Weh! auf e - wig ist mir ver - lo - ren je - nes

ff

hope of a bliss - ful un - ion Which her eyes' fond look oft has
se - li - ge Glück des Bun - des, das ihr Au - ge mir zu - ge -

ff

prom - ised, And in the glow of our lips' com - mun - ion.
schwo - ren und der glü - hen - de Hauch des Mun - des.

ff ff

p

Dreams of my youth, all too
Träu - me der Ju - gend, wie

p

soon have ye van - ished, False like her fond vows,
seid ihr ver - flo - gen, falsch wie die Schwü - re,

cresc.

truth ye have ban - ished! Sharp - ly goes through my
habt ihr ge - lo - gen! Schnei - dend fühl' ich durch's

f

heart an an - guish Like light- ning's glare: "She loved me
Herz mir be - ben das Bli - tzes - licht: sie liebt mich

mf *p* *rit.*

p *ad lib.*

ne'er!" My heart now is bro - ken, why long - er

nicht! *mein Herz ist ge - bro - chen, was soll ich*

colla parte

dim. *pp*

rit.

lan - guish?

le - ben?

a tempo

rit. *rit.*

ff

Chide thou loud - er, voice of the tem - pest, Flam - ing

Grol - le lau - ter, Ge - wit - ter - stim - me, flam - men - der

ff

poco rit. *ff* *a tempo*

heav - en, wild and au - da - cious, Let in my

Him - mel, wild und ver - mes - sen lass mich

poco rit. *a tempo*

heart thy wrath be re - ech - oed, Let me for -
ei fern mit dei - - nem Grim - me, lass die

ff

get her, so cold and un - gra - cious!
Kal - te mich e - wig ver - ges - sen!

rall.

decresc.

Larghetto
With deepest feeling *(Mit innigster Empfindung)*

p

But thou art mute, in
A - ber du schweigst, in

p

pp dolce

rain gen - tly flow - ing, Bless - ing for an - ger,
säu - seln - den Re - gen wan - delt dein Zorn sich

dolce

Heav'n, thou'rt be - stow - ing Tears of af - fec - tion, my
Him - mel in Se - gen. Thrä - nen der Lie - be,

full heart re - lieve ye, Ah! reft of thee, what's
o rie - selt nie - der. Ach! oh - ne sie ge -

p

life to me! Maid - en, thou dear - est, love me as I love
nes' ich nie! Mäd - chen, Ge - lieb - te, lie - be mich wie -

mf *p*

p espress. *p*

thee!
der!

p

To Joseph Fischhof

REQUEST

(BITTE)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
a) *Translated by Arthur Westbrook*
b) Translated by J. B. Johnson.

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 9, No. 3
(1815-1892)

Larghetto sostenuto *(Mit tiefster Innigkeit)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

a) Turn to me, dark eye so ten - der Let - me
Weil' auf mir, du - dunk - les Au - ge, ii - be
b) On me turn thy - spark - ling lus - tre, Dark - eye.

p legato

feel - thy gen - tle might. With thy grave and dream - y
dei - ne gan - ze - Macht, ern - ste, mil - de, träu - me -
fill'd - with gen - tle - light, Ear nest, mild, with - dream - light

p

sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.
ri - sche, un - er - gründ - lich sü - sse - Nacht.
beam - ing, Fair as - day, and calm as - night!

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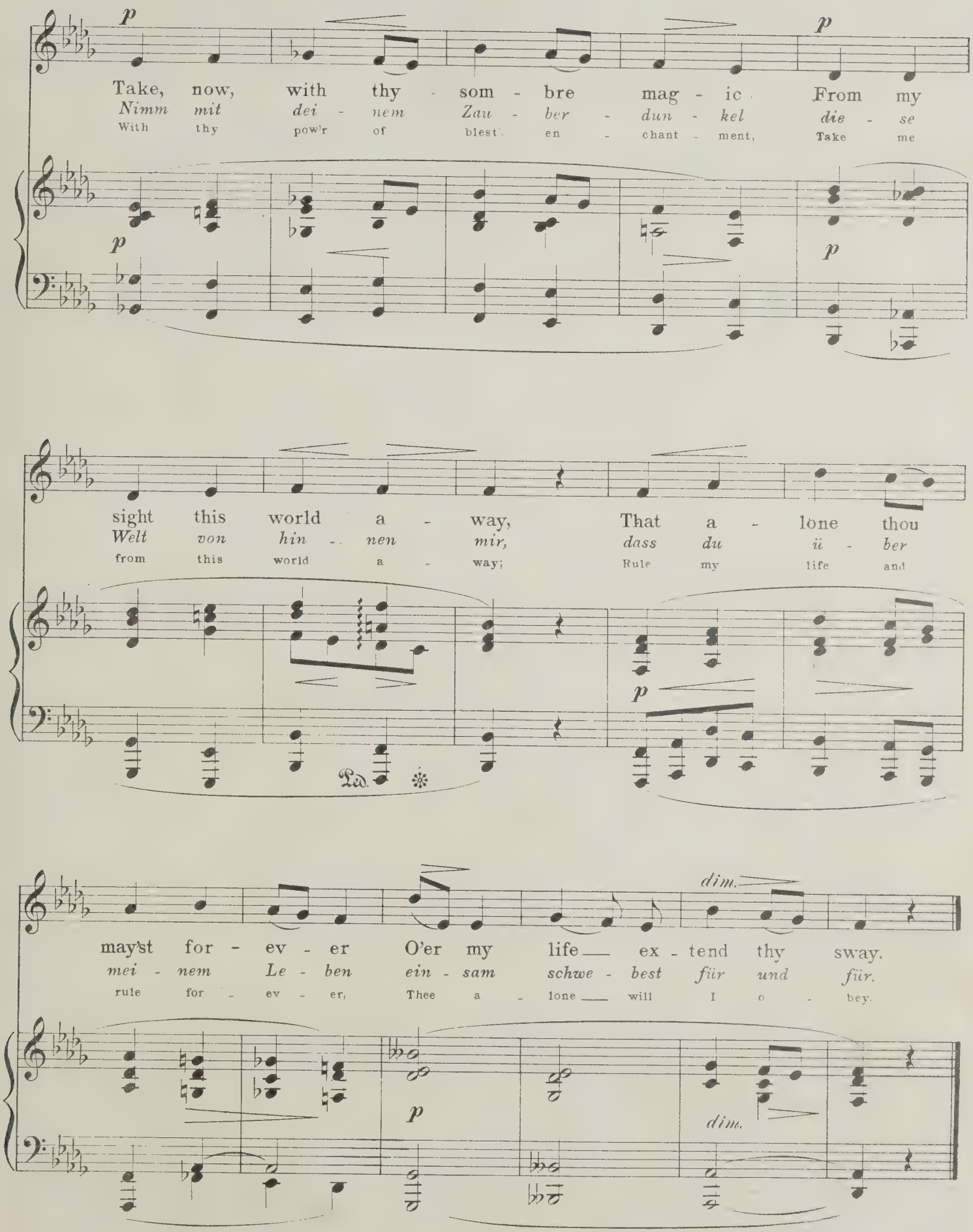
p
Take, now, with thy - som - bre mag - ic From my
Nimm mit dei - nem Zau - ber - dun - kel die - se
With thy pow'r of blest en - chant - ment, Take me
p
p
sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou
Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber
from this world a - way; Rule my life and
p
Ped.
may'st for - ev - er O'er my life ex - tend thy sway.
mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best für und für.
rule for - ev - er, Thee a - lone will I o - bey.
dim.
p
dim.

To Frl. Louise von Platen

FOR MUSIC
(FÜR MUSIK)

(Original Key)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815 - 1884)
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.10, No.1
(1815-1892)

Andante molto sostenuto

p With feeling

VOICE

Now the shad - ows dark - en, Star on stars a - light,
Nun die Schat - ten dun - keln, Stern an Stern er - wacht.

PIANO

p il canto molto espress.

What a breath of long - ing Floods the air at night;
welch ein Hauch der Sehn - sucht flu - tet durch die Nacht.

cresc.

p

Through the sea of fan - cy Steer-ing with - out rest,
Durch das Meer der Träu - me steu - ert oh - ne Ruh,

Seeks my soul thy spir - it, Ha-ven, oh, how blest.
steu - ert mei - ne See - le Dei-ner See - le zu.

cresc. *p*

Ped. ✻

p

Take my heart's de - vo - tion, Thine it is a - lone!
Die sich dir er - ge - ben, nimm sie ganz da - hin!

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

cresc. *mf* *p*

Ah, thou know'st that nev - er I have been my own, have been my own.
Ach, du weisst, dass nim - mer ich mein ei - gen bin, mein ei - gen bin.

cresc. *mf* *p*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

To Frl. Louise von Platen

HARK! HOW STILL
(STILLE SICHERHEIT)

(Original Key)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, No 2

Andantino con moto

VOICE

PIANO

Hark! how still the dusk-y wood has grown!
Horch, wie still es wird im dun-keln Hain,

Maid - en, we are safe and all a-lone, Eve - ning
Mäd - chen, wir sind si-cher und al-lein. Still ver -

bells on all the mead-ows round Die a-way with faint and
läu selt hier am Wie-sen-hang schon der A - bend - glo - cken

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p

wear - y sound. On the blos-soms that be-side thee blushed Zeph - yr,
müd - der Klang. Auf den Blu -men, die sich dir ver - neigt, schlief das

pp

fall - ing fast a - sleep, is hushed. I may tell thee now, for we're a-
letz - te Lüftchen ein und schweigt. Sa-gen darf ich dir, wir sind al-

pp *pp*

pp

lone, That my heart is ev - er - more thine own.
lein, das mein Herz ist e - wig, e - wig Dein.

mf *cresc.* *f*

L.H.

cresc. *mf* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p*

THOUGH THE ROSES NOW FLOURISH
(UND DIE ROSEN, DIE PRANGEN)

(Original Key)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820 - 1887)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, No. 5

Andantino Simply *(Einfach)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

Tho' the ro - ses now flour - ish, Soon will blow the cold winds, And en - joy - ment will fade Ere it scarce - ly be - gins. Songs of birds are re - sound - ing Far and wide o'er the

Und die Ro - sen, die pran - gen, drü - ber - hin fährt der Wind, und die Lust ist ver - gan - gen fast eh' sie be - ginnt. Und die Vög - lein, die sin - gen, und die Luft, die ver -

sempre e legato

poco rit.

a tempo

Ped. ✻

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cresc.

land,— All the air rings with mu - sic, Yet—
weht's,— durch die Welt geht ein Klin - gen, und—

cresc.

p

none un - der - stand. And the stars, shi - ning—
Kei - ner ver - steht's. Und die Ster - ne, die—

ten. *pp* *ten.* *p*

clear - ly, Their night - ly—watch keep,— But 'mid this great
schei - nen so— hell durch die Nacht,— ich a - ber muss—

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

splen-dor I on - ly can weep.
wei - nen in - mit - ten der Pracht.

p

p *p*

I WANDER THIS SUMMER MORNING
(AM LEUCHTENDEN SOMMERMORGEN)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 11, №2

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

espress. il canto.

pp dolciss.

p

I wan - der this sum - mer morn - ing Here in my gar - den a - lone. The flow - ers are whis - p'ring and nod - ding. But si - lent I wan - der

Am leuch - ten - den Som - mer - mor - gen geh' ich im Gar - ten her - um. Es flü - stern und spre - chen die Blu - men, ich a - ber, ich wand - le

mf

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on.
stumm.

p

The flow - ers are whis - p'ring and
Es flü - stern und spre - chen die

pp

p

nod - ding; My face with com - pas - sion they scan: "For-
Blu - men und schau - en mit - lei - dig mich an: sei

give — our sis - ter," they're plead - ing, "Thou care-worn and sor - row - ful —
un - s'rer Schwe - ster nicht bö - se, du trau - ri - ger blas - ser —

mf

mf

man."
Mann.

pp

p

A CHURCHYARD
(EIN FRIEDHOF)

(Original Key)

MAX WALDAU (1822-1855)
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 13, No 3

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

Phan - toms of flames now ex - tin - guished Flick - er o - ver the
Sche - men er - lo - sche - ner Flam - men fä - chern ü - ber das

fen; Tears from burn - ing lash - es Hang on the reeds like
Moor; Thrä - nen bren - nen - der Wim - pern flim - mern als Thau am

cresc.

rain. Graves with with - er'd gar - lands, Fa - ded heart in each breast.
Rohr. Wel - ke Krän - ze am Gra - be, wel - ke Her - zen da - rin,

pp

Soft - ly rus - tle the wil - lows, Peace and e - ter - nal rest.
lei - se rauschen die Wei - den Frie - den dar - ü - ber hin.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

To Frl. Hermine Haller

DEDICATION
(WIDMUNG)

(Original Key)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816-1873)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 1
(1815-1892)

Andante espressivo *(Innig)*

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the
songs, no gift of mine. Thou gav'st them me; I but re-
turn thee what is and ev - er will be thine.

O dan - ke nicht für die - se Lie - der, mir ziemt es
dank - bar Dir zu sein; Du gabst sie mir, ich ge - be
wie - der, was jetzt und einst und e - wig Dein.

mf *p*

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mf

Thine were they ev - 'ry one for - ev - er. The light which
Dein sind sie al - le ja ge - we - sen. Aus Dei - ner

mf

in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how to
lie - ben Au - gen Licht hab' ich sie treu - lich ab - ge -

mf *p*

mf *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

read them; Dost thou not know they are thine own,
le - sen, kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht?

pp

pp

Ped. *

f *p*

Dost thou not know they are thine own?
kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht?

f *p*

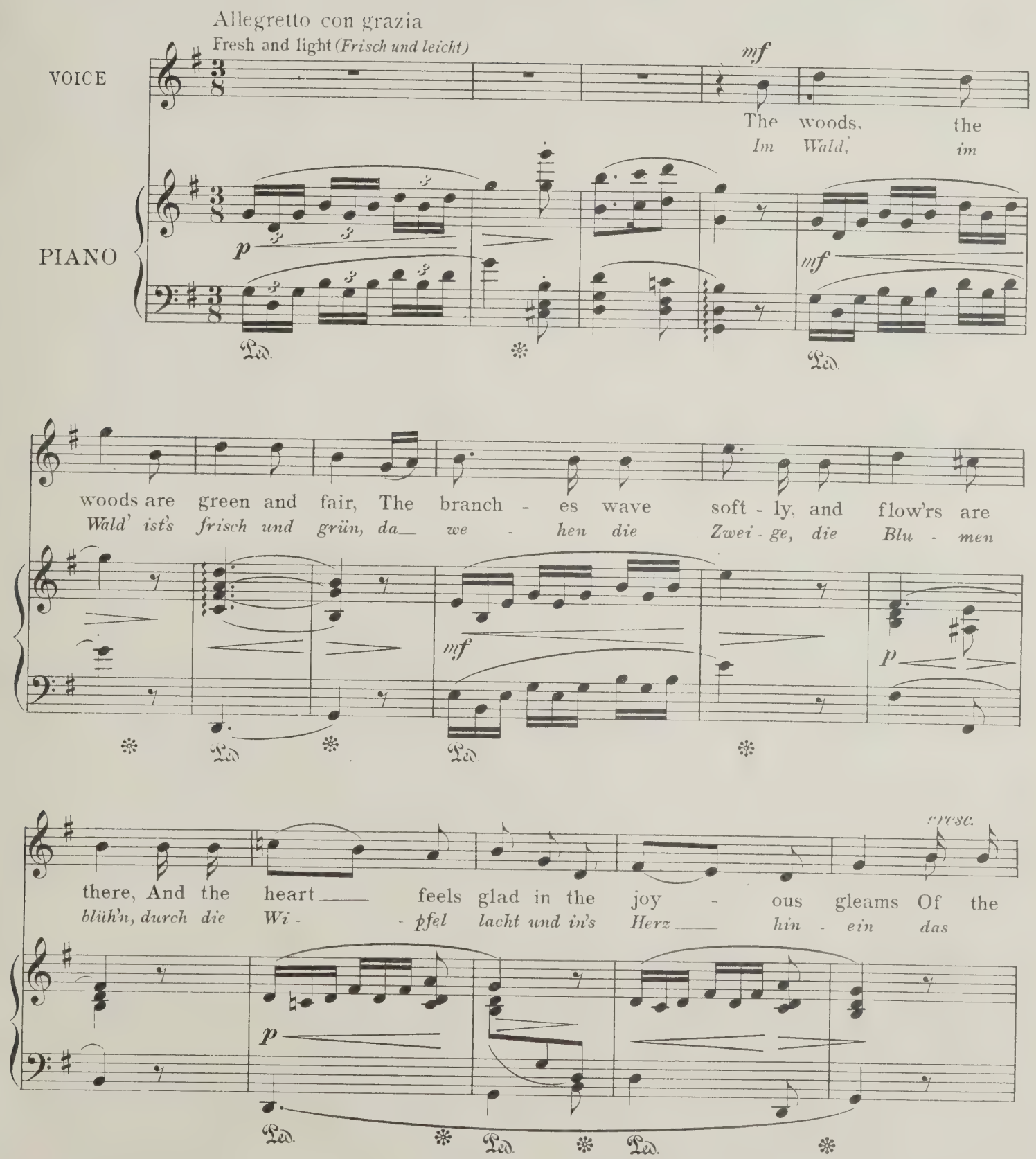
To Frl. Hermine Haller

IN THE WOODS
(WALDFAHRT)

(Original Key)

F. KÖRNER
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 3



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p

clear blue sky and the sun's bright beams In wood - lands, sha- dy wood -

Him - mel - blau und der Son - nen - schein im Wald', im küh - len Wal -

cresc. *p*

mf

lands. The woods, the woods are the realm of love, The

de. Im Wald', im Wald' ist der Lie - be Reich, da

mf *mf*

p

birds trill their songs in the boughs a - bove, The flow'rs by breezes are kiss'd and ca -

sin - gen die Vög - lein auf je - dem Zweig, da wiegt die Blu-men ein ko - sen - der

p *p*

cresc. *p*

ress'd, And I kiss and cra-dle thee on my breast, In wood - lands,

Wind, und ich wieg' und kü - sse dich, herz' - ges Kind, im Wald', im

p

mf

sha - dy wood - lands. When red through the boughs streams the

küh - len Wal - de. Glüht roth durch die Zwei - ge der

mf *mf*

Ped. * Ped. *

p *p*

eve - ning light, And twi - light calm - ly doth her - ald night.

A - bend - schein, und däm - mert lei - se die Nacht her - ein;

p

Ped. *

mf *cresc.*

Wend we our way, and seek_ our rest_ Still the en - chant-ment doth

dann zieh'n wir heim, dann klingt_ und blüht_ Wald - lust, Wald - rau - schen noch

mf *cresc.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

fill our breast Of wood - lands, sha - dy wood - lands.

durch's Ge - müth vom Wald, vom küh - len Wal - de.

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

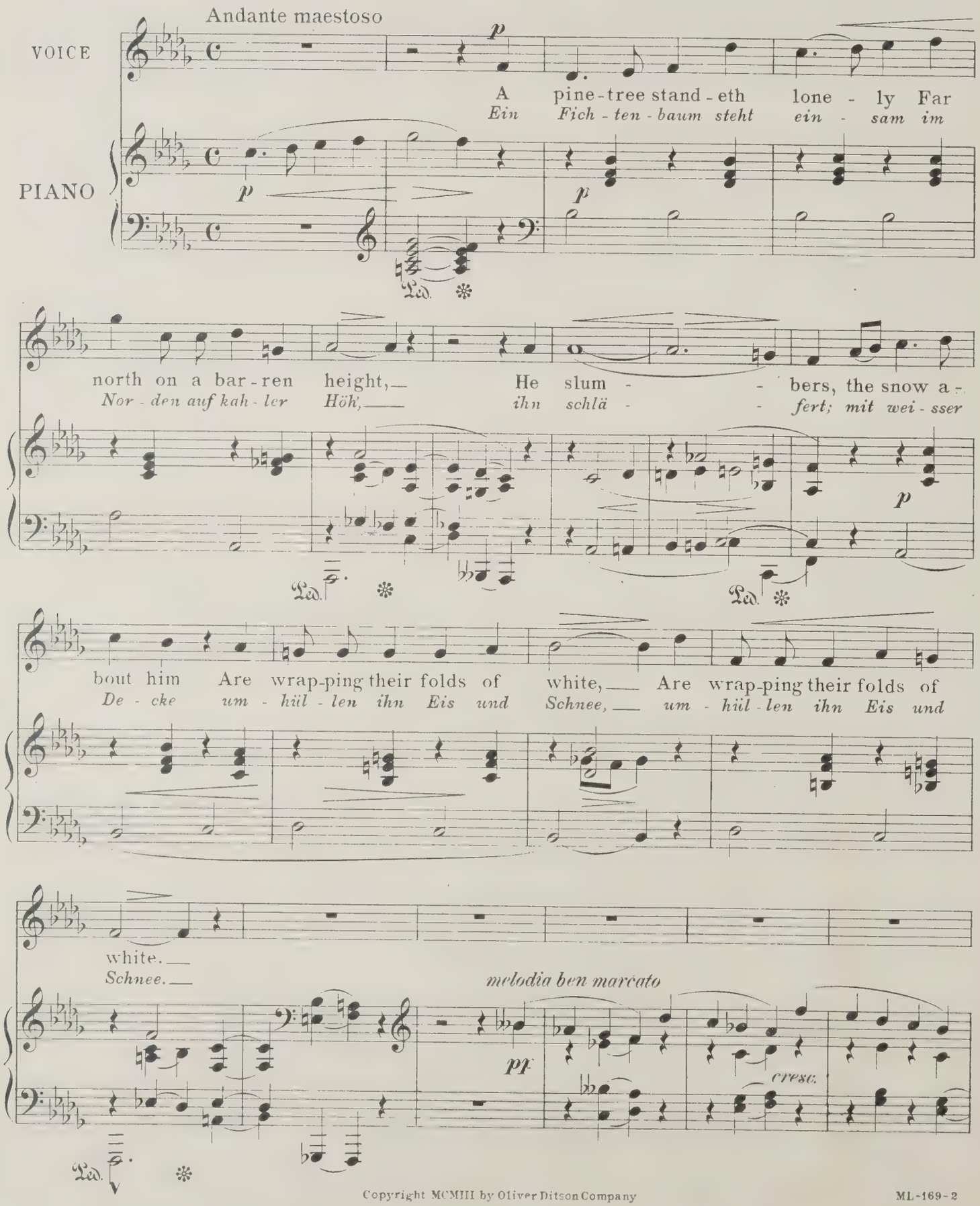
To Frau Sophie, Erbgrossherzogin zu Sachs-Weimar

THE PINE-TREE
(DER FICHTENBAUM)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Ellen Frothingham

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 16, No. 3



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with fervor

p (*mit Wärme und Innigkeit*)

His dreams are of a palm - tree, Who
Er träumt von ei - ner Pal - me, die

f *p*

far in east - ern lands Si - lent - ly stand - eth,
fern im Mor - gen - land, ein - sam und schwei - gend

griev - ing A - lone on her burn - ing sands.
trau - ert auf bren - nen - der Fel - sen - wand?

p *p*

decresc. *pp*

To Joseph Tichatscheck

SERENADE
(STÄNDCHEN)

(Original Key)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 17, No 2

Andantino con grazia With fervor and tenderness *(Innig und zart)*

VOICE

PIANO

p *pp* *p*

I — hear the stream - let
Der Mond ist schla - fen

plash - ing, The star - ry eyes are dim, Too
gan - gen, die — Ster - ne blin - zeln blind, als

mf *cresc.*

wea - ry now to trim their lamps, Once spark - ling and
ob — sie mü - de sind von al - lem Fun - keln und

mf *cresc.*

flash - - ing. And, at my win - dow
Pran - gen. Und vor dem Fen - ster

p *p* *pp* *p*

pon - d'ring. Whis - pers, so soft and kind, A
ier se säu - selt so lieb und lind ein

gen - tly mur - m'ring wind:
fri - scher Früh - lings - wind:

softly
(leicht)

I hail it in its
ich wünsch' ihm gu - te

mf

p

wan-d'ring. Now it bears a mes - sage from me; "Hap-py
Rei se. *Und_ hörst dus sach - te po - chen: "Gu - te*

pp *p*

rest, hap - py rest, my child!" Dost hear its mes - sage
Nacht, gu - te Nacht, mein Kind!" *Dich grüsst der Früh - lings-*

softly
leicht

mild? It_ prom-is'd it would greet thee.
wind; *er_ hat es mir ver - spro-chen.*

mf *pp*

IN AUTUMN
(IM HERBST)

(Original Key)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816-1873)
Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 17, No. 6

Allegro maestoso Gloomily *(Düster)*

VOICE

PIANO

The heath - er is brown, once bloom - ing so red; The
Die Hai - de ist braun, einst blüh - te sie roth; die

birch tree, once green, is bared to the blast; Once twain we did roam, now
Bir - ke ist kahl, grün war einst ihr Kleid, einst ging ich zu zwei'n jetzt

walk I a - lone; Oh! sor-row-ful Au - tumn, I would it were past! A -
geh' ich al - lein; weh' ü - ber den Herbst und die gram-vol - le Zeit! o

molto rit. *mf a tempo*

las, a - las! Oh! sor - row - ful Au - tumn, I would it were past!
weh, o weh! weh, ü - ber den Herbst und die gram - vol - le Zeit!

molto rit. *pp* *mf a tempo*

p

Once blos - som'd the ro - ses, now with - er they all; The
Einst blüh - ten die Ro - sen, jetzt wel - ken sie all', voll

p

f

flow' - rets, once fra - grant, now with - er a - way; Once
Duft war die Blu - me, nun zog er her aus; einst

p *mf*

two gath-ered flow'rs, Now I pluck a - lone; All flow'rs are with-er'd and

pfluckt' ich zu zwei'n, jetzt pfluck' ich al - lein; das wird ein dür - rer, ein

f *p* *mf*

molto rit. *pp* *mf* *a tempo*

scent - less to - day! A - las, a - las! All flow'rs are with - er'd and

duft - lo - ser Strauss! o weh, o weh! Das wird ein dür - rer, ein

molto rit. *a tempo*

pp *mf*

Ped. ✻

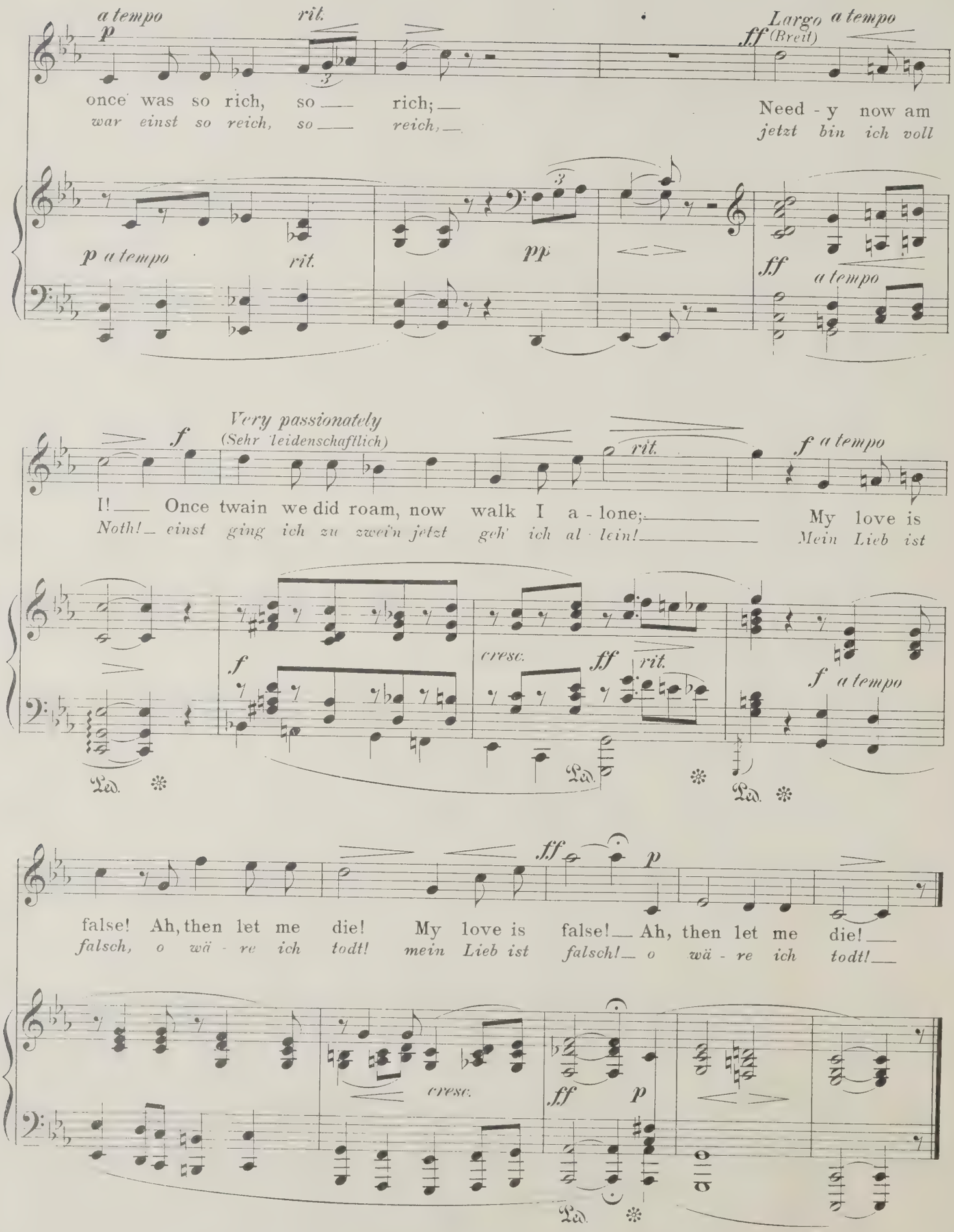
p *Più lento* *a -*

scent-less to - day. The world is so drear that once was so sweet; I

duft - lo - ser Strauss. Die Welt ist so öd', sie war einst so schön, ich

p

Ped. ✻


a tempo
p
rit.
Largo a tempo
ff (Breit)
once was so rich, so rich;
war einst so reich, so reich,
Need - y now am
jetzt bin ich voll
p a tempo
rit.
pp
ff
a tempo
Very passionately
(Sehr leidenschaftlich)
f
rit.
f a tempo
I! Once twain we did roam, now walk I a - lone;
Noth! einst ging ich zu zwei'n jetzt geh' ich al - lein!
My love is
Mein Lieb ist
f
cresc.
ff
rit.
f a tempo
Ped.
false! Ah, then let me die! My love is false! Ah, then let me die!
falsch, o wä - re ich todt! mein Lieb ist falsch! o wä - re ich todt!
ff
p
cresc.
ff
p

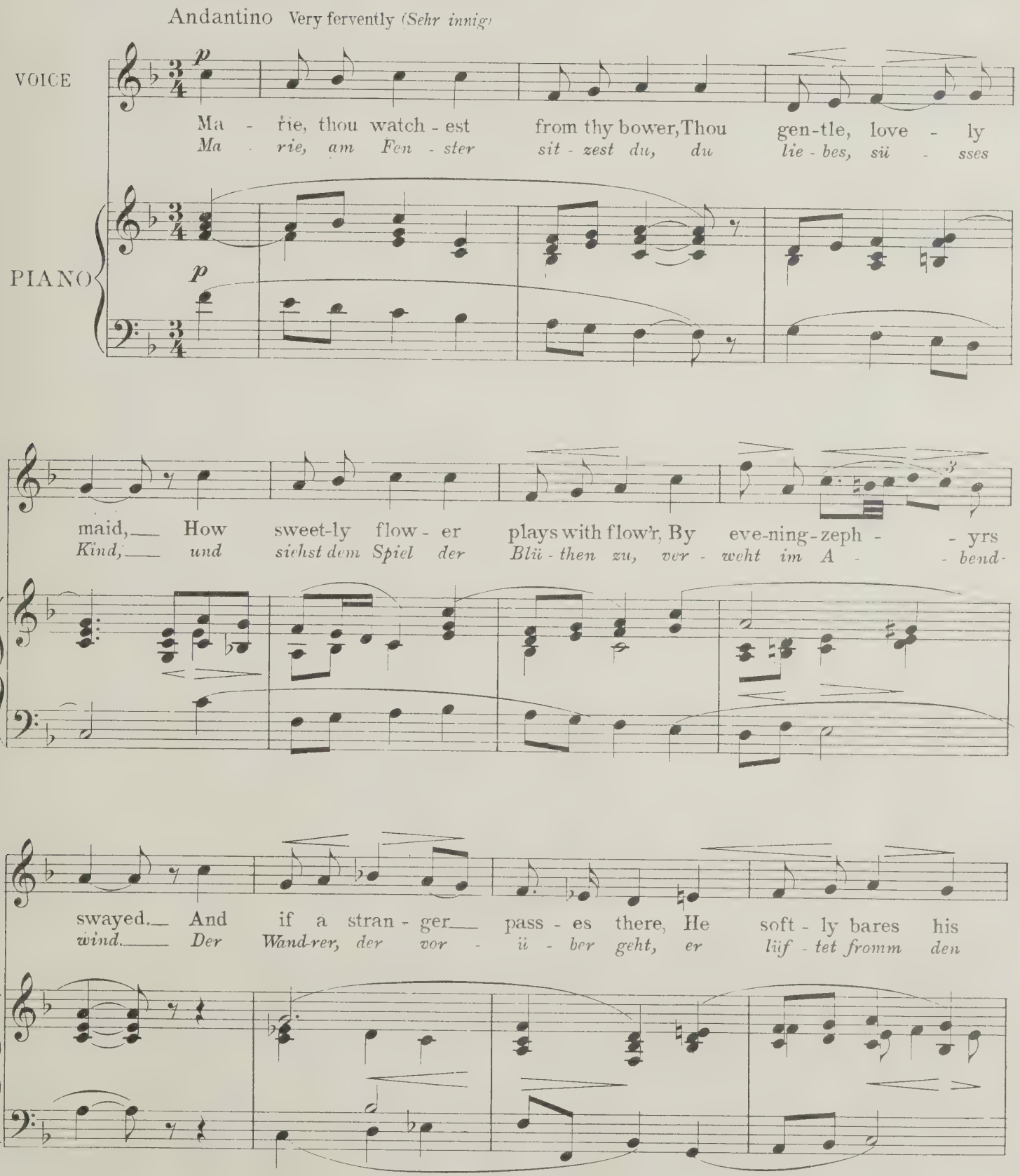
To Herr and Frau von Milde

MARIE
(MARIE)

RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL (1823-)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 18, No. 1



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mf

brow. Thou art, in truth, a ten - der prayer, So fair and ho - ly
Hut; du bist ja selbst wie ein Ge - bet, so fromm, so schön, so

mf *p*

thou! The flow-ers gaze with
gut. Die Blu - men - au - gen

p

mf *p* *p*

flow-er-eyes Up to the light of thine. The fair-est blos - som
sch'n em-por zu dei - ner Au - gen Licht! Die schön-ste Blum' im

'neath the skies Is thine own face di - vine. The ves-per - chimes are
Fen-ster-flor ist doch dein An - ge - sicht. Ihr A - bend - glo - cken

greet - ing thee In sweet - est mel - o - dy! Oh, may no storm
grü - sset sie mit sü - sser Me - lo - die! O brech' der Sturm

mf

p

e'er break the flow'rs, Nor yet thy heart, Ma - rie!
die Blu - men nie, und nie dein Herz, Ma - rie!

p *mf* *p*

THE RHINE, THE RIVER OF STORY
(IM RHEIN, IM HEILIGEN STROME)

(*Original Key*)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 18, No. 2

In legend tone (*Im Legendenton*)
Andante Softly (*Leise*)

VOICE

PIANO

p

The Rhine, the riv - er of sto - ry, Re - flects in its depths of
Im Rhein, im hei - li - gen Stro me, da spie - gelt sich in den

una corda
(*mit Verschiebung*)

blue Co - logne, the great and ho - ly And her great ca - the - dral.
Well'n mit sei - nem gro - ssen Do - me das gro - sse, hei - li - ge

mf *pp*

too, Her great ca - the - dral, too; Where - in there hangs a
Cöln, das gro - sse hei - li - ge Cöln. Im Dome, da steht ein

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Vir - gin With back-ground of paint - ed gold; And, though my life is
Bild - nis, auf gol - de - nem Grün - de ge - malt; in mei - nes Le - bens

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc. *p*

wild and sad, She smiles from the can - vas old, She smiles from the can - vas
Wild - nis hat's freund-lich hin - ein ge - strahlt, hat's freund - lich hin - ein ge

cresc. *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

pp

old. Fair flow'rs and cher - u - bim hov - er A - round the Vir - gin there. Her
strahlt. Es schwe - ben Blu - men und Eng - lein um uns' - re lie - be Frau; die

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

softly (leise)

eyes and her lips and her fore-head Re-mind me of those of my fair.
Au - gen, die Lip - pen, die Wäng - lein, die glei - chen der Lieb - sten ge - nau.

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

To Richard Wagner, the composer of "Lohengrin"

THE SPRING'S BLUE EYES
(DIE BLAUEN FRÜHLINGSAUGEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 20, No. 1

Allegretto con grazia Light and tender *(Zart und leicht)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

The Spring's blue eyes are look - ing From out the dew - y
Die blau - en Früh - lings - au - gen schaun aus dem Gras her -

con Pedale

grass; They are the tim - id vio - lets; I
vor; das sind die lie - ben Veil chen, die

pluck them as I pass. I pluck them, ev - er
ich mir zum Strauss er kor. Ich pflü - cke sie und

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think - ing, And all the hid - den tale,
den - ke, und die Ge - dan - ken all,

Which in my heart is sigh - ing, Sings loud the night - in -
die mir im Her - zen seuf - zen, singt laut die Nach - ti -

mf

gale. Yes, what I'm think - ing, sings she With
gall. Ja, was ich den - ke singt sie und

mf

clear and ring - ing tone; 'Till all my ten - der
schmet - tert, dass es schallt: mein zärt - lich süss Ge -

se - cret To all the wood is known, To
heim - niss weiss schon der gan - ze Wald, weiss

all the wood is known.
schon der gan - ze Wald.

p

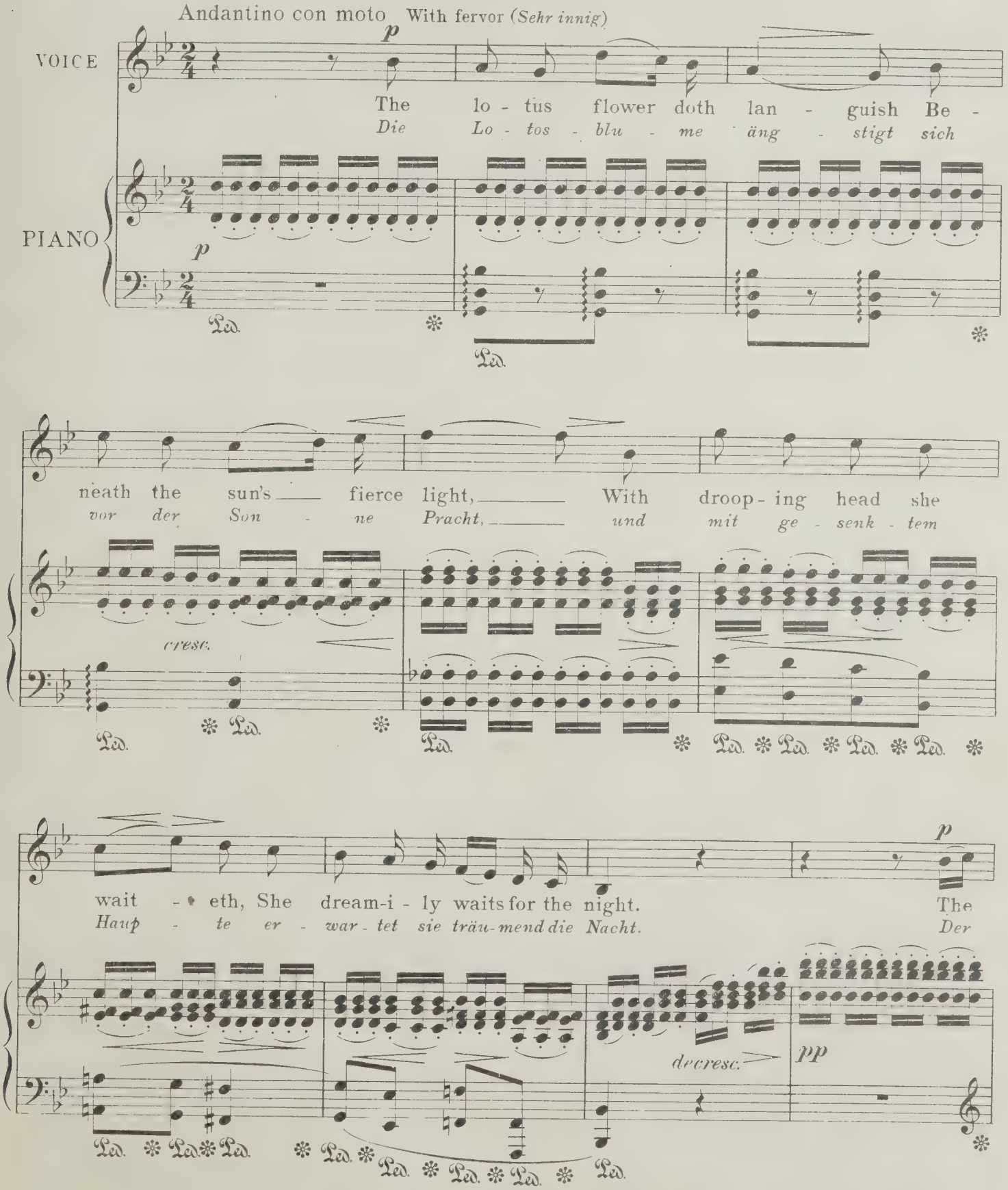
To Johanna Wagner

THE LOTUS FLOWER
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.25, No 1



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moon is her true lov - er, He wakes her with fond em -
Mond, der ist ihr Buh le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem

cresc.

brace, For him she glad - ly un - veil - eth· Her
Licht, und ihm ent - schlei - ert sie freund - lich ihr

mf

love - ly flow - er face. She blooms,- and glows, and
hol - des Blu - men - ge - sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und

mf

bright - ens, And mute - ly ga - zes a - bove; While
leuch - tet, und star - ret - stumm in die Höh; sie

cresc.

weep - ing, ex - hal - ing, and trem - bling With love and the pain of
duf - tet, und wei - net und zit - tert vor Lie - be und Lie - bes -

cresc.

p

love, With love and the pain of love.
weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.

p

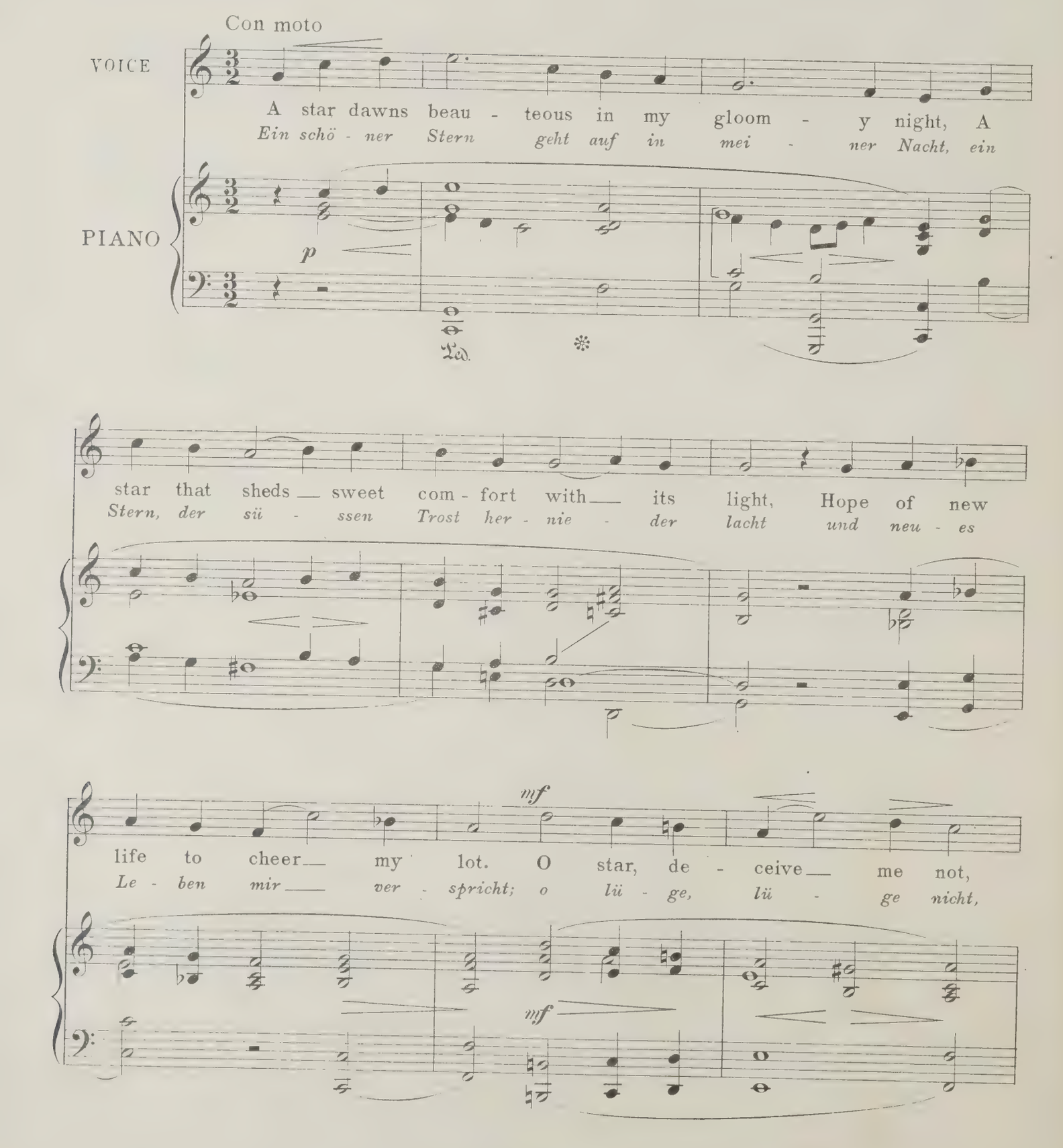
pp

O STAR, DECEIVE ME NOT!
(O LÜGE NICHT!)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No. 2



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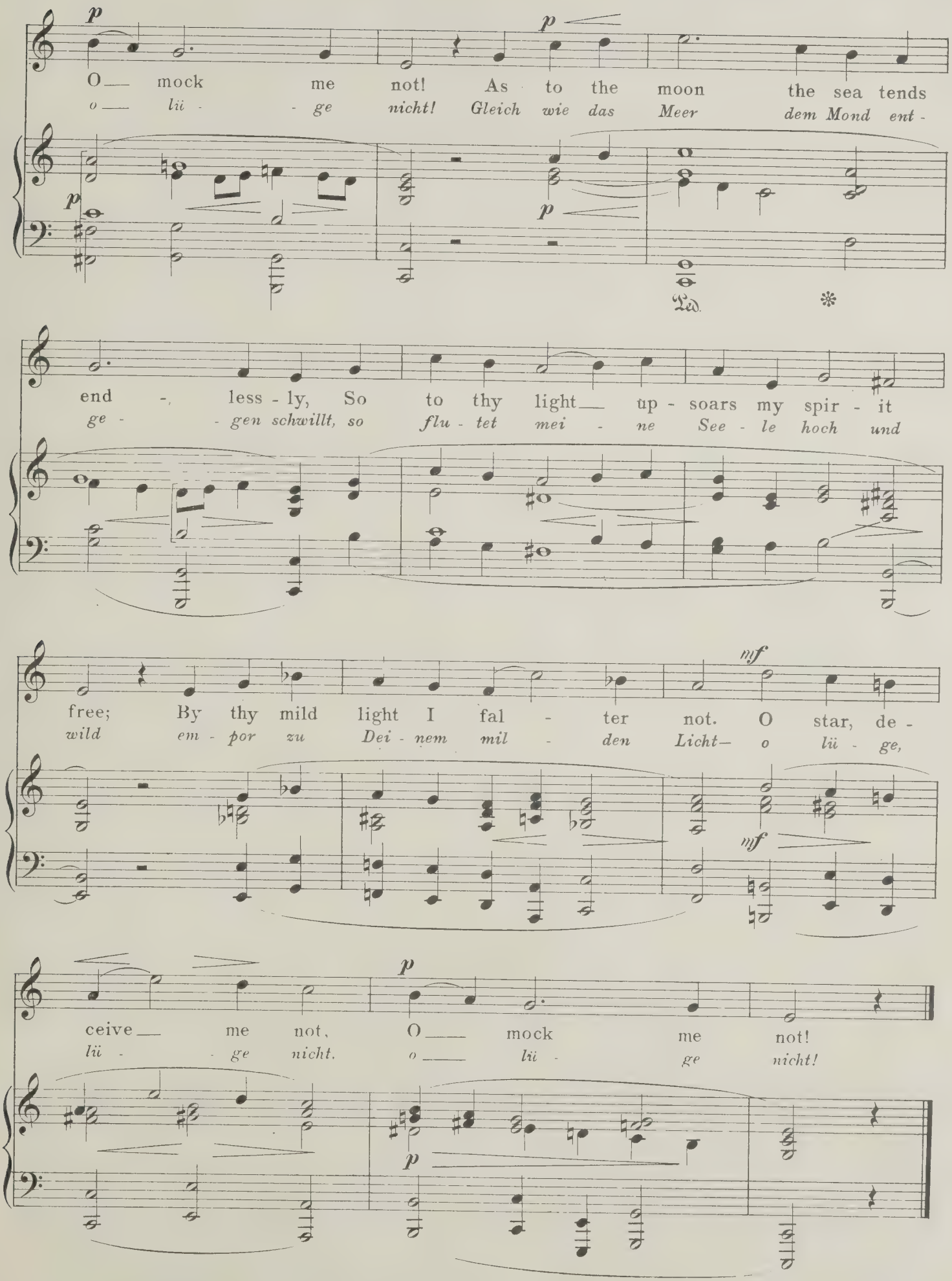

p
O mock me not! As to the moon the sea tends
o lü - ge nicht! Gleich wie das Meer dem Mond ent -
end - less - ly, So to thy light up - soars my spir - it
ge - gen schwillt, so flu - tet mei - ne See - le hoch und
free; By thy mild light I fal - ter not. O star, de -
wild em - por zu Dei - nem mil - den Licht— o lü - ge,
mf
ceive me not, O mock me not!
lü - ge nicht. o lü - ge nicht!

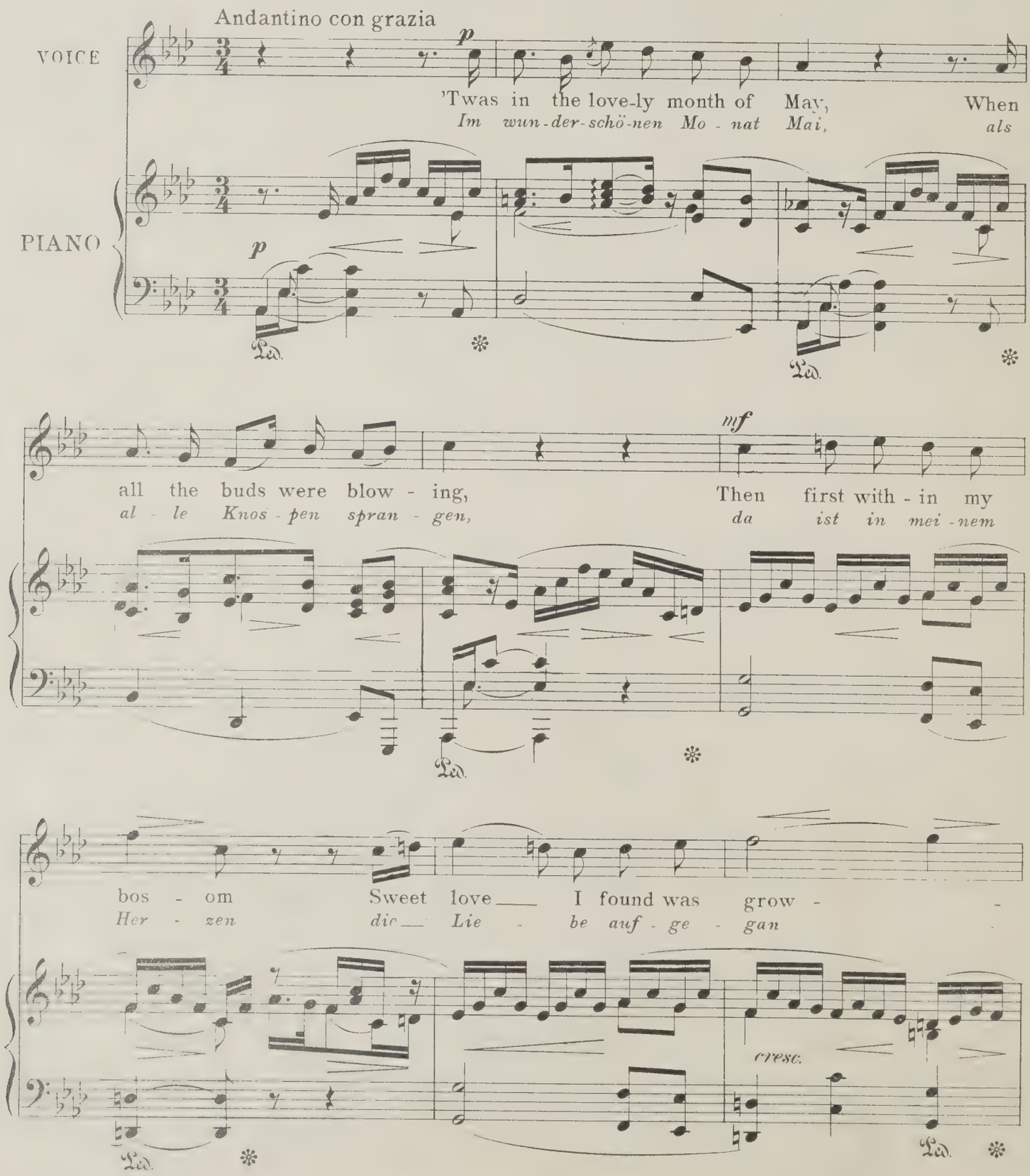
To Johanna Wagner

'TWAS IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF MAY
(IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No. 5



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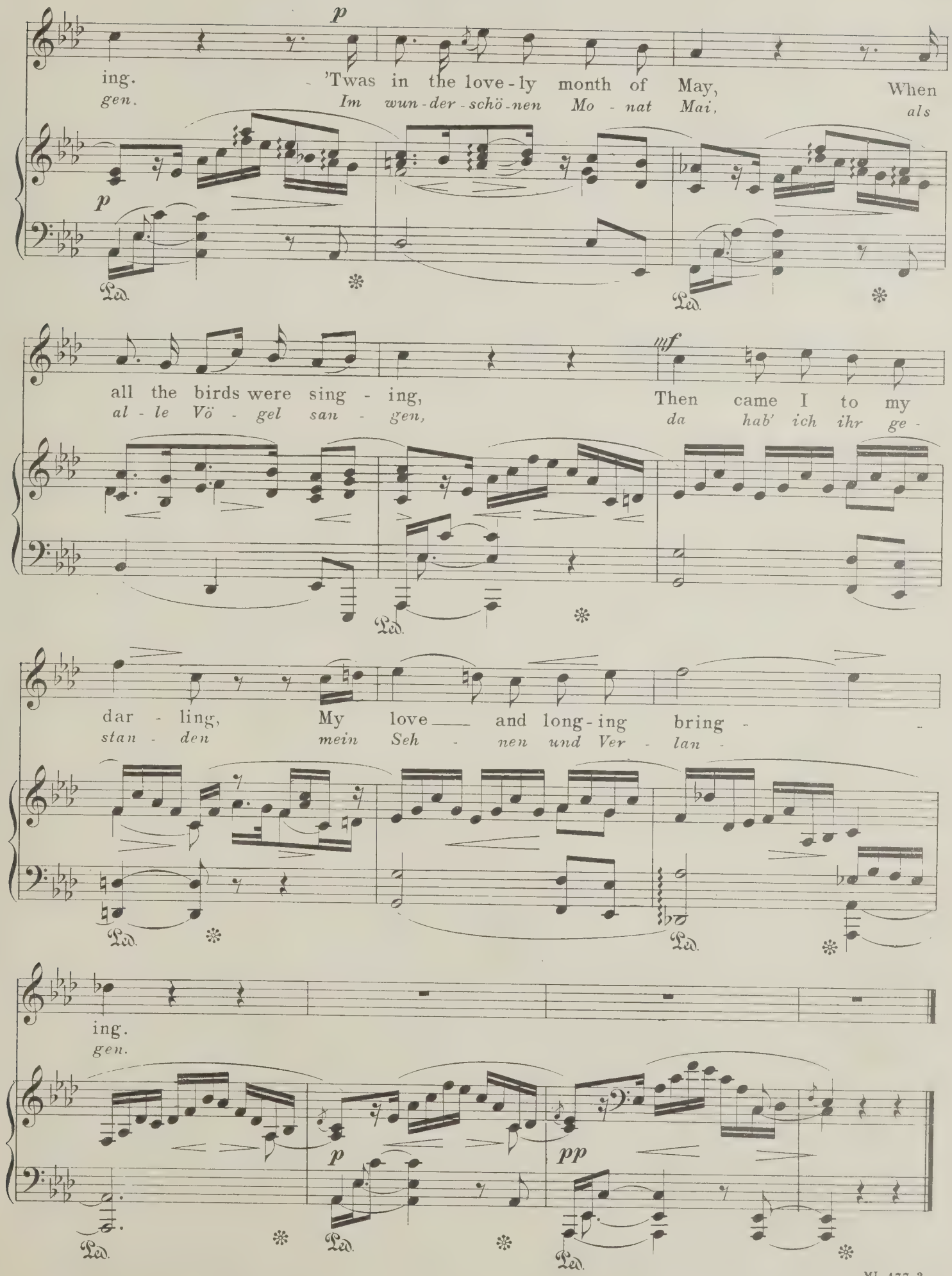
p
ing. 'Twas in the love-ly month of May, When
gen. Im wun-der-schö-nen Mo-nat Mai, als
p
Ped.
mf
all the birds were sing-ing, Then came I to my
al-le Vö-gel san-gen, da hab' ich ihr ge-
Ped.
dar-ling, My love and long-ing bring-
stan-den mein Seh-nen und Ver-lan-
Ped.
ing.
gen.
p
pp
Ped.

STARS WITH GOLDEN SANDALS
(STERNE MIT DEN GOLDNEN FÜSSCHEN)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 30, № 1

Larghetto con grazia

VOICE

PIANO

p *mf* *p* *con Pedale*

Stars with lit - tle gold - en san - dals, Make your
Ster - ne mit den gold - nen Füsschen wan - deln

foot - steps soft — and light Lest you wake the earth be -
dro - ben bang — und sacht, dass sie nicht die Er - de

p *p*

low you, Sleeping in — the lap of night.
we - cken, die da schläft im Schooss der Nacht.

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p

Lis - t'ning stand the si - lent for - ests; Like an
Hor - chend steh'n die stum - men Wäl - der, je - des

mf *p*

ear is ev - 'ry leaf, And the moun - tain, dream - ing,
Blatt ein grü - nes Ohr! Und der Berg wie träu - mend

mf *p*

stretch-es Arms of shad - ow o'er the heath.
streckt er sei - nen Schat - ten - arm her - vor.

mf con anima

Lis-ten yonder!
Doch was rief es?

con anima

mf

p

Wondrous ringing
In mein Her-ze

Ech-oing soft-ly
dringt der Tö-ne

p

down the vale!
Wie - der - hall.

Was it my Be-lov-ed's sing-ing,
War es der Ge-lieb-ten Stim-me,

Was it
o-der

but the night-in-gale?
wa's die Nach-ti-gall?

p

dim.

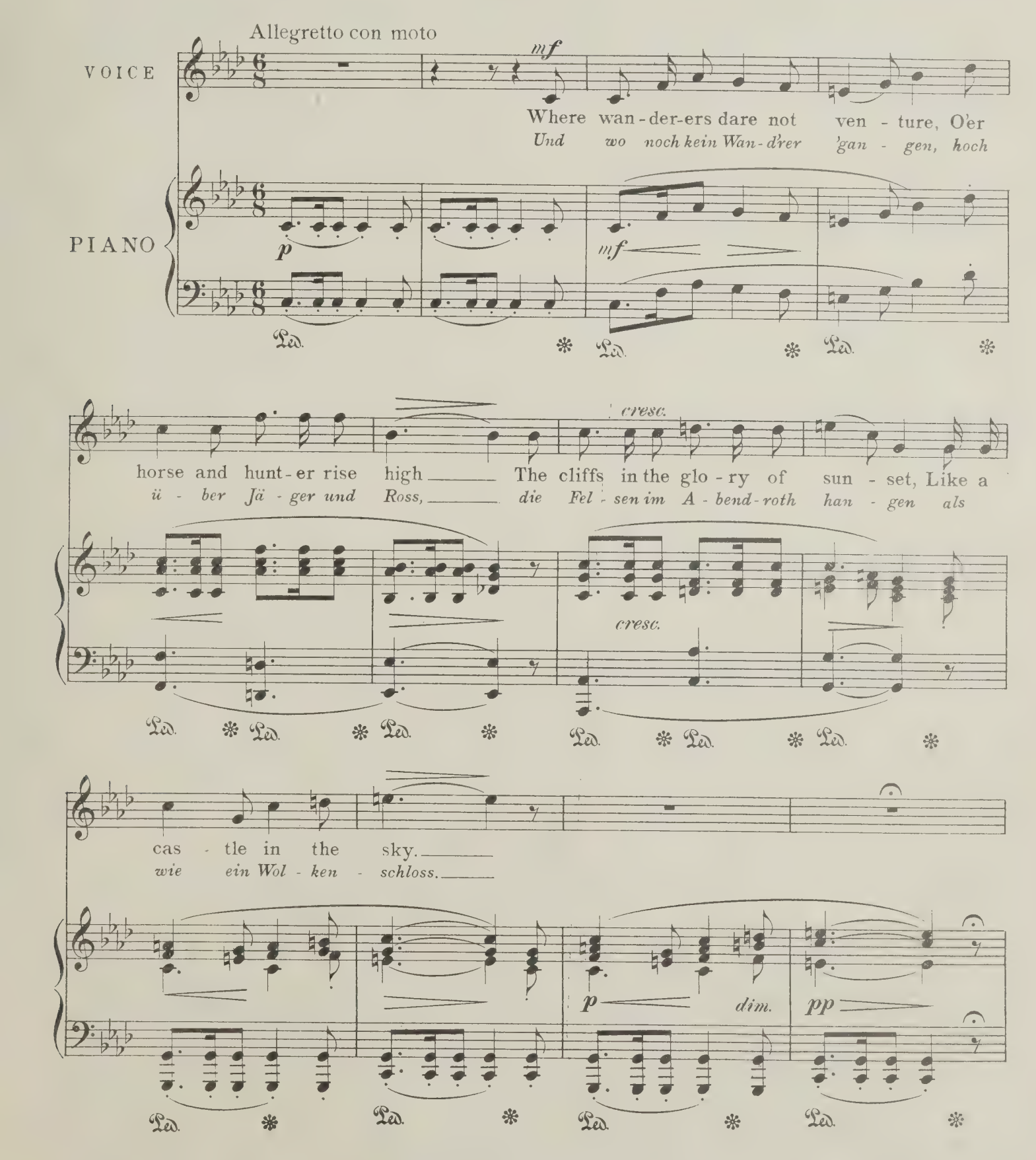
pp

ROMANCE
(ROMANZE)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.35, No.4



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Poco più lento
p dolce

There un-der the bat - tle-ments loft - - y The
Dort zwi-schen den Zin - nen und Spi - - tzen von

wood - nymphs grace - ful - ly throng; Wild
wil - - den Nel - ken um - blüht, die

ro - - ses bloom a - bout them, They
schö - - nen Wald - frau'n si - - tzen, und

sing to the wind their song.
sin - gen im Wind' ihr Lied.

cresc. e accel. molto

Allegro vivace
molto agitato

The hunts - man looked at the cas - tle; "There
Der Jä - ger schaut nach dem Schlo - sse: die

f *ff*

dwells the maid I a - dore!" He sprang from his ter - ri - fied
dro - ben, das ist mein Lieb! Er sprang von dem scheu - en - den

cresc. *ff* *meno* *f*

mf *p rit.*

char - ger, And lost was he ev - er - more.
Ro - sse und Kei - ner weiss wo er blieb.

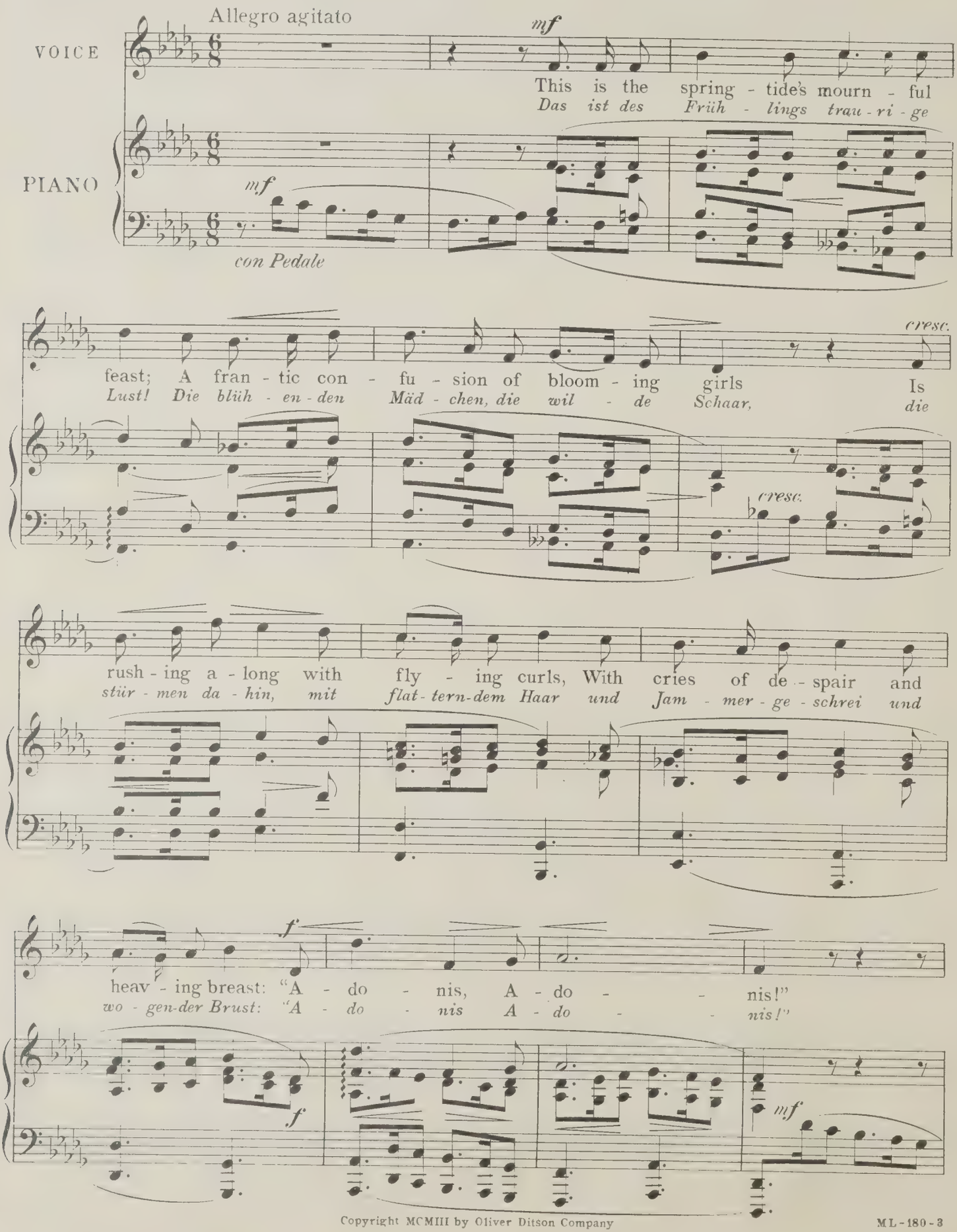
rit. *mf* *p* *a tempo* *pp*

SPRING FESTIVAL
(FRÜHLINGSFEIER)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 1



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mf

The night sinks down: By torch - es' gleams They search the
Es sinkt die Nacht. Bei Fa - ckel - schein, sie su - chen

cresc.

wood on ev - 'ry side, That ech - oes fear - ful
hin und her im Wald, der angst - ver - wir - ret

f

far and wide, With weep-ing and laugh - ter, and sob-bing and screams: "A -
wie - der - hallt von Wei - nen und La - chen und Schluch-zen und Schrein: "A

f

do - - nis, A - do - - - nis!"
do - - nis! A - do - - - nis!"

mf

mf

The mor - tal youth so won - drous fair, Lies on the
Das wun - der - schö - ne Jüng - lings - bild, es liegt am

ground all pale and dead; His blood has stained the
Bo - den blass und todt, das Blut färbt al - le

cresc.

flow - ers red, And wild la-ment-ing fills the air: "A - do - nis, A -
Blu - men roth, und Kla - ge laut die Luft er - füllt: "A - do - nis! A -

f

do - - nis!"
do - - nis!"

p

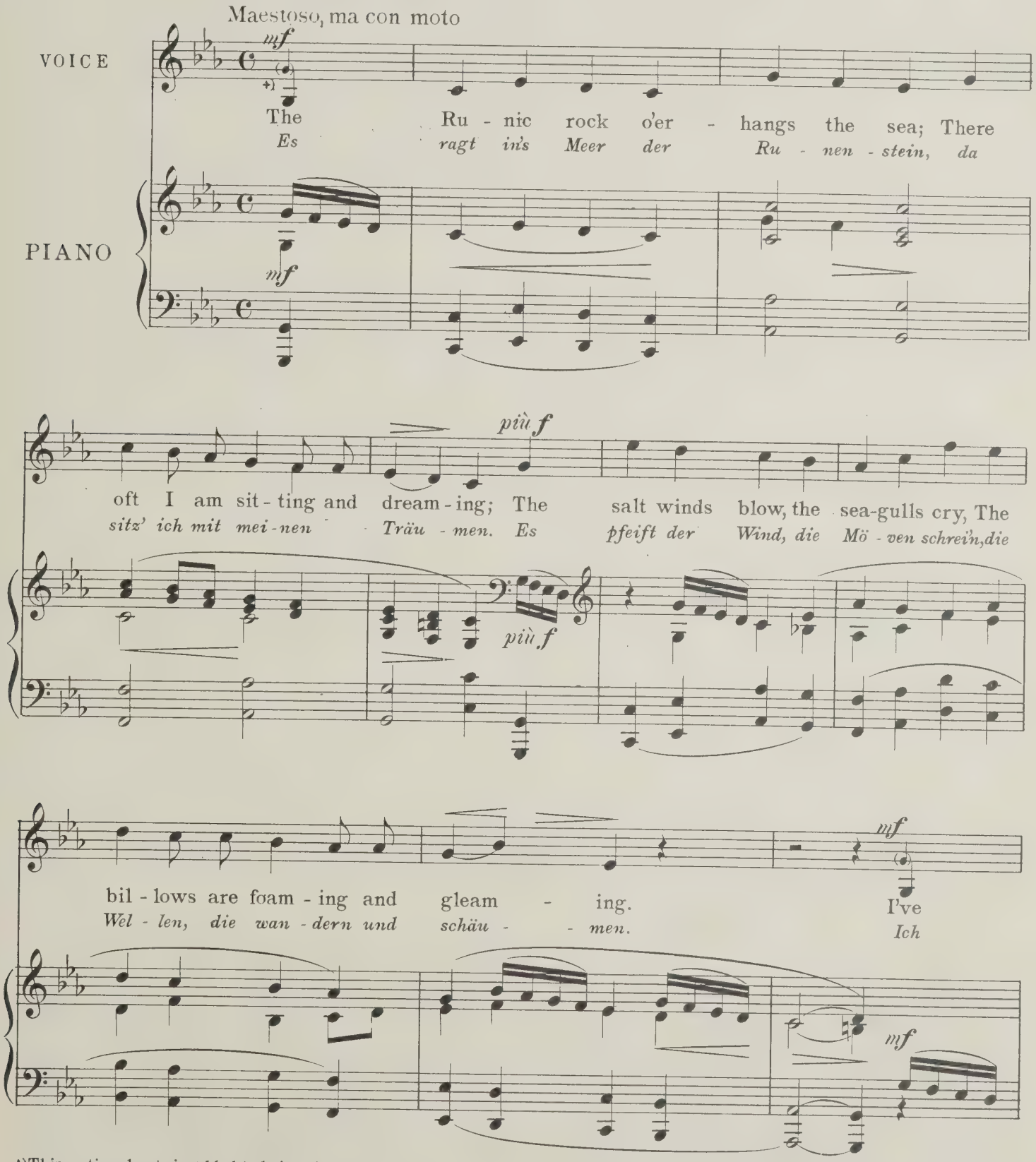
pp

THE RUNIC ROCK
(ES RAGT IN'S MEER DER RUNENSTEIN)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 2



✦)This optional note is added to bring the song into normal range. Franz was strongly averse to the transposition of his songs. *Ed.*

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loved, oh, how man - ya maid - en fair, And man - ya right no - ble
ha - be ge - liebt manch' schö - nes Kind und man - chen gu - ten Ge -

poco rit. *a tempo*

fel - - low. Where are they now? The shrill winds blow, While
sel - - len: wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind, es

a tempo

poco rit.

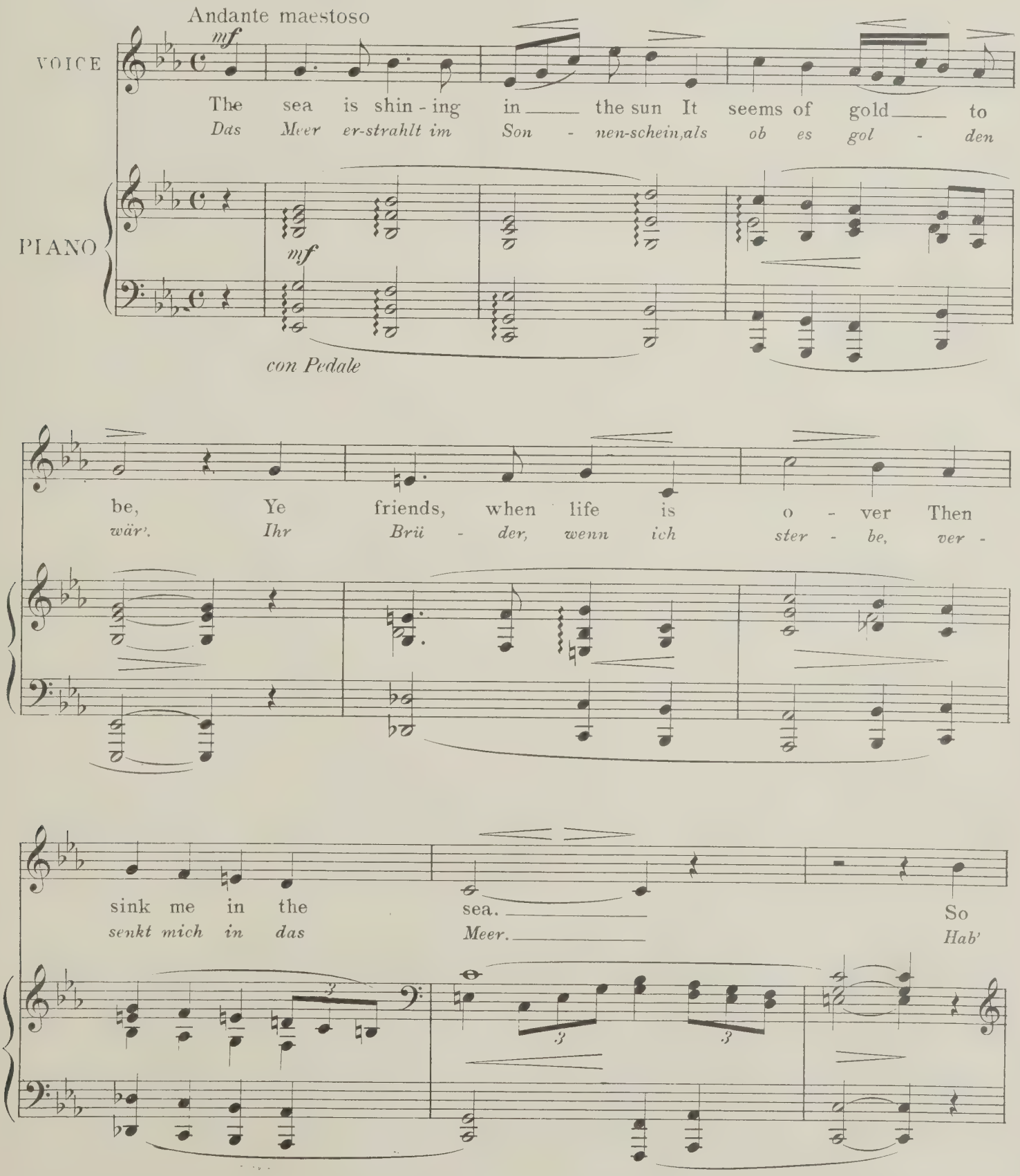
foam crests the wan - der - ing bil - low.
schäu - men und wan - dern die Wel - len.

THE SEA IS SHINING IN THE SUN
(DAS MEER ERSTRAHLT IM SONNENSCHEIN)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ
Op. 39, No. 3



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dear - ly I al - ways loved the sea, And oft, with gen - tle
im - mer das Meer so lieb ge - habt, es hat mit sanf - ter

cresc.

swell Its waves have cooled my glow-ing heart, We've
Fluth so oft mein Herz ge - kühl - let; wir

cresc.

loved one an - oth - er well.
wa - ren ein - an - der gut.

IN THE DREAMY WOOD I WANDER
(WANDL' ICH IN DEM WALD DES ABENDS)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Emma Lazarus

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No 4

Tenderly, with feeling
Larghetto (Zart und innig)

VOICE

PIANO

mf

In the dream-y wood I wan-der, In the wood at e-ven-
Wandl' ich in dem Wald des A-bends, in dem träu-me-ri-schen

con Pedale

tide; Ev-er doth thy grace-ful fig-ure Wan-der soft-ly at my
Wald, im-mer wan-delt mir zur Sei-te dei-ne zärt-li-che Ge-

mf

side. Is not this thy white veil float-ing, This thy love-ly gen-tle
stalt. Ist es nicht dein wei-sser Schlei-er? nicht dein sanf-tes An-ge-

mf

face? Is it but the moon-light break-ing, Thro' the gloom - y pine-tops'
sicht? O - der ist es nur der Mond-schein, der durch Tan - nen-dun - kel

mf

space? Can these tears, so soft - ly flow-ing, Be my ver - y own I
bricht? Sind es mei - ne eig - nen Thrä-nen, die ich lei - se rin - nen

mf

cresc. *p* *rit.*

hear. Or art thou, in truth, my dar-ling, Weep-ing by my side so near?
hör'? O - der gehst du, Lieb - ste, wirk-lich wei - nend ne - ben mir ein - her?

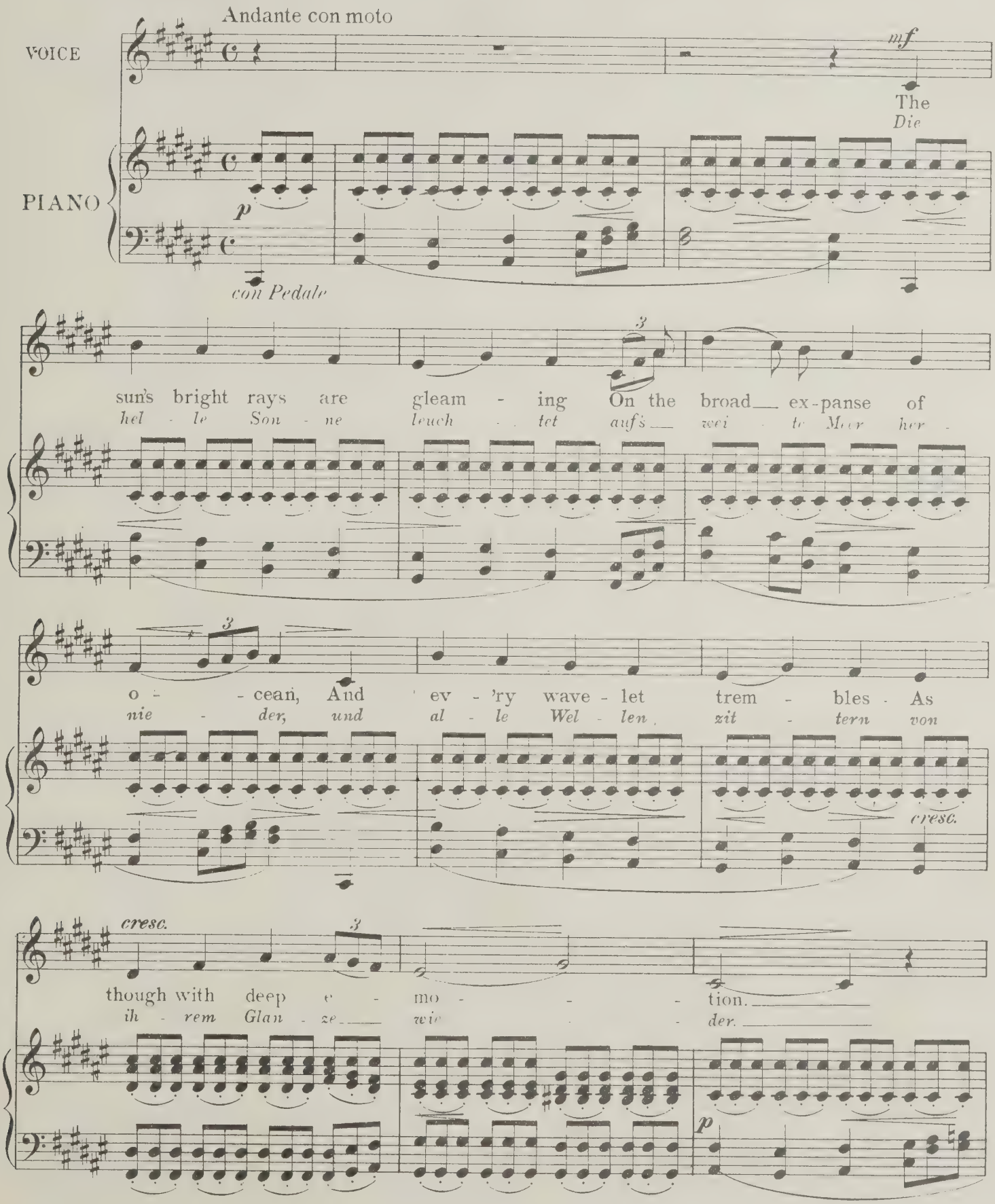
cresc. *p* *rit.*

THE SUN'S BRIGHT RAYS
(DIE HELLE SONNE LEUCHTET)

(Original Key)

From the Persian of MIRZA-SCHAFFY
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 2



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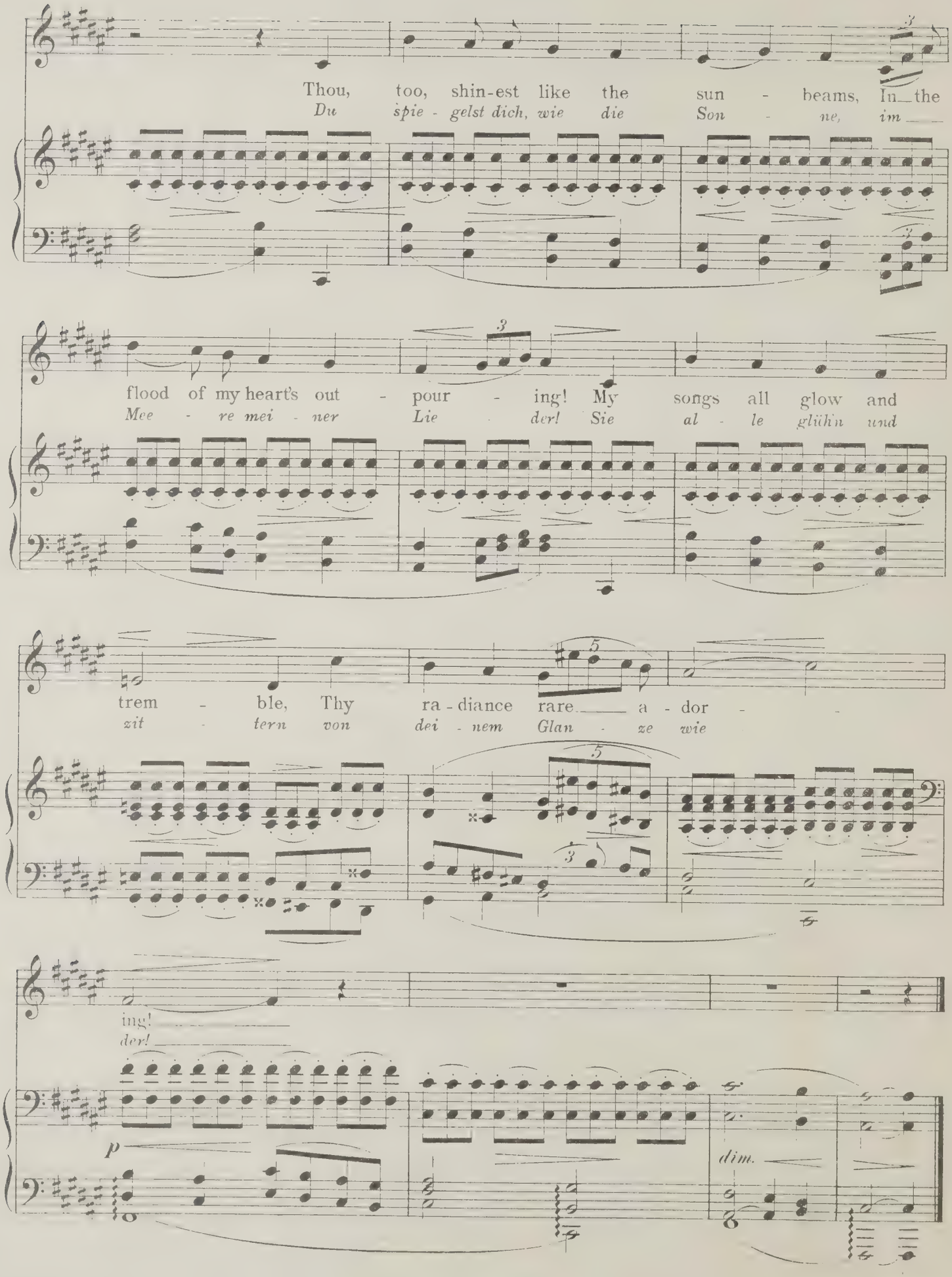
Thou, too, shin-est like the sun - beams, In the
Du spie - gelst dich, wie die Son - ne, im
flood of my heart's out - pour - ing! My songs all glow and
Mee - re mei - ner Lie - der! Sie al - le glüh'n und
trem - ble, Thy ra - diance rare a - dor -
zit - tern von dei - nem Glan - ze wie
ing!
der!

KNOWEST THOU?
(WEISST DU NOCH?)

(Original Key)

From the Persian of HAFIS
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No 4

Andantino con tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

con Pedale

Know - est thou, be - lov - ed one, how dear un - to me thou
Weisst du noch, mein sü - sses Herz, wie al - les sich hold be

art, how per - fect is our bliss? How thy lips, un - clos - ing to up -
ge - ben zwi - schen dir und mir? Wie zu schel - ten dei ne Lip - pe

braid, drop on - ly the sweet - est hon - ey in a - kiss? When the
rang und doch Ho - nig - küs - se träu - fel - ten von ihr? Wie auf

si - lent moon up - on our path - way shines with her gen - tle glance of
uns der stil - le Blick des Mond's ge - ruht, und in sei - nem stil - len

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bless - ing bright, How the gift no mor - tal heart could dream, is ours by the

Bli - cke wir! Wie was sich kein gläu - bi - ges Ge - mü - te träumt, uns die

cresc.

grace of heav'n Love's pure de - light?

Huld des Him - mels schenk - te hier?

cresc. *dolce*

p

Know - est thou, be - lov - ed one, how

Weisst du noch, mein sü - sses Herz, wie

p

dear un - to me thou art, how per - fect is our bliss?

al - les sich hold be - ge - ben zwi - schen dir und mir?

THE ROSE COMPLAINED
(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819 - 1892)
(From the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)
Translated by George L. Osgood

(Original Key)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42. No. 5
(1815 - 1892)

Larghetto - Fervent and tender *(Innig und zart)*

VOICE

PIANO

espressivo

mf

Con Ped.

The rose com - plain'd with hang - ing head, Her fra-grance all too soon was go - ing, Which spring had lav - ish'd sweet and ver - nal!

Es hat die Ro - se sich be - klagt, dass gar zu schnell der Duft ver - ge - he den ihr der Lenz ge - ge - ben ha - be,

5

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To com - fort
Da hab' ich

her, 'twas then I said, Her fra-grance through my songs was
ihr zum Trost ge - sagt, dass er durch mei - ne Lie - der

float - ing, And there would find a life e - ter - nal!
we - he, und dort ein ew' - ges Le - ben ha - be

p

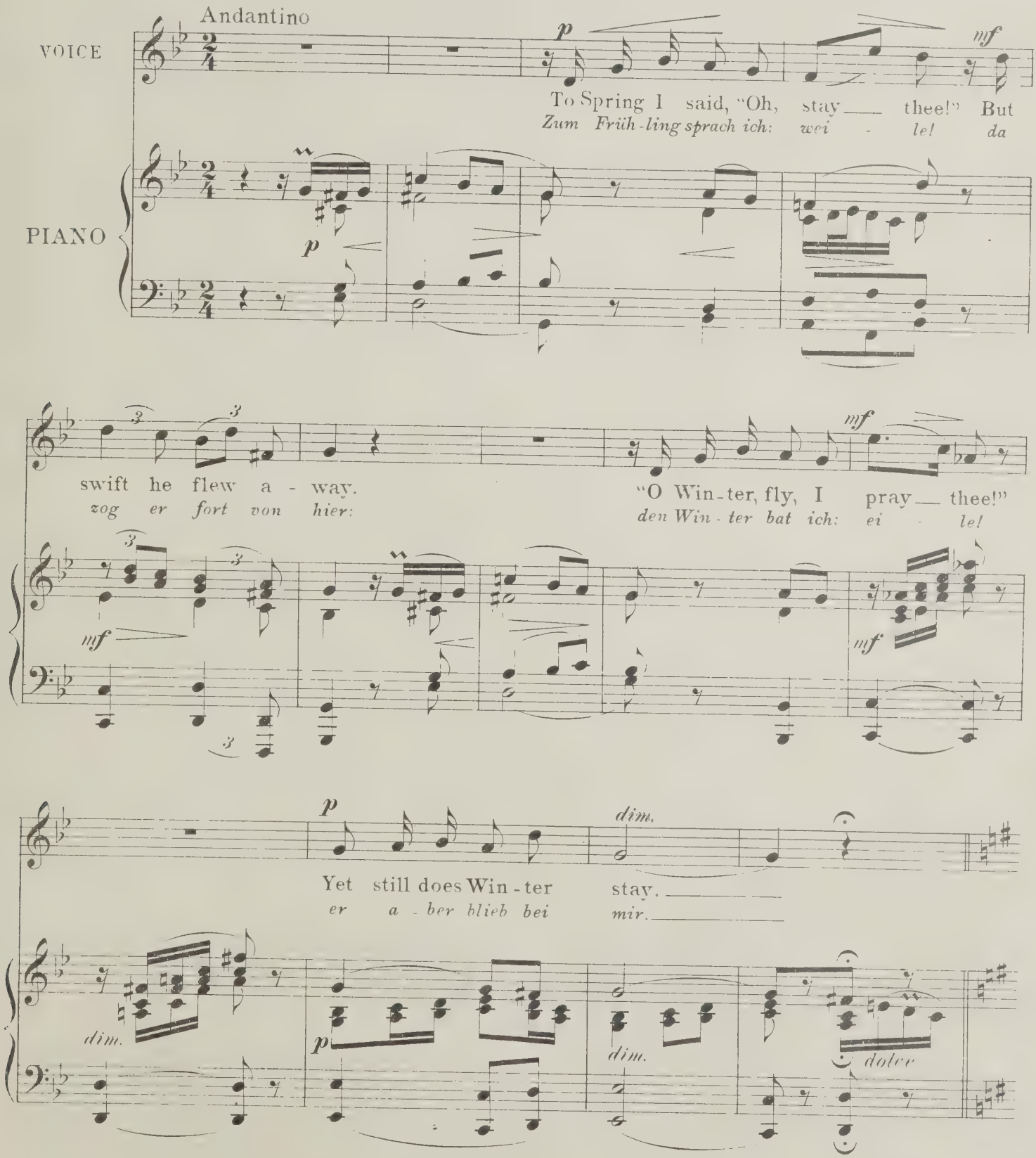
To Henry S.B. Schlesinger

TRANSFORMATION
(DOPPELWANDLUNG)

(Original Key)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)
Translated by E.S. Wilcox

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 44, No 3



fervently
(innig)

dim.

Then saw I two suns beam-ing, So mild and lov - ing-
Da schie-nen mir zwei Son - nen so hold und min - nig-

dim.

ly: The melt - ing snows were stream - ing, And
lich: der Schnee er war zer - ron - nen und

dim.

Spring re-turned to me.
Früh - ling ward's um mich.

dim.

LK.24.8.64.

M
1620
F84D5

Franz, Robert
[Songs. Selections]
Fifty songs

Music

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